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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912.

The Week

The introduction of a bill cutting down by something like 50 per cent. the duties in the iron and steel schedule is a good stroke on the part of the Democrats of the House. It pushes again to the front the broad question of tariff reform, and puts the Republicans on the defensive. The immense development of the steel industry, its concentration largely in the hands of one gigantic corporation, the statements made at various times by some of its foremost representatives as to the ability of this country to produce at lower cost than any other, and the great volume of exports which bears out these assertions —all these things combine to give to the proposal for reducing duties in this line an exceptionally strong position. If the reduction goes through Congress and is approved by the President, the Democrats will have to their credit the actual achievement of a substantial measure of tariff reform; if it is blocked by the Republicans, they will have a good issue to go before the people with. Incidentally, Mr. Underwood has given an effective answer to the accusation that he is for tariff reduction in other things, but a standpatter when it comes to Birmingham's interests or his own.

In such a matter as the Wilson-Harvey affair, everything turns on the exact facts of what took place. Col. Watterson's statement is admirable in point of expression, but leaves much to be desired in point of accurate information. He makes much of Gov. Wilson's manner in the course of the conversation, which impressed him as "autocratic, if not tyrannous," and he tells us that Col. Harvey was "apparently overcome by Gov. Wilson's austerity"; but he also says that "nothing of a discourteous kind—even of an unfriendly kind—passed during an interview of more than an hour." Furthermore, it appears from Col. Watterson's statement that whatever Gov. Wilson said as to "whether the support of *Harper's Weekly* was doing him an injury" was said in reply to a "direct question" from Col. Harvey. Now, at what stage of the interview was this question asked? Was Gov. Wilson's answer to it the subject of any further talk at the time? Was there any correspondence afterward between Wilson and Harvey? Upon the answer to these questions depends the whole character of the incident. "I have from Col. Harvey and Gov. Wilson," says Col. Watterson, "statements according to the memory of each touching what did actually happen and was spoken on the occasion named. These do not materially differ. They coincide with my own recollection." Let us have these statements, and let the public judge whether what Wilson said was simply the frank utterance of a truth in reply to a friend's candid request for information, or, as so many hasten to assert, a deliberate act of selfishness or ingratitude.

Among the acts thus far of the Constitutional Convention, now preparing a new basic law for the State of Ohio, are the extension of its committee organization beyond the point desired by its president, the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, the ruling out of lobbyists from the floor and smoking rooms, and certain provisions intended to check gag rule. The numerous committees now include those to consider the legislative and executive branches of government, the bill of rights, and county, town, and military affairs, as well as the more radical matters of woman suffrage, the initiative and referendum, and labor legislation. Lobbyists, whose exclusion from the smoking rooms is the work of a Socialist delegate, we understand, must register and reveal their backers, as well as remain without the doors. Moreover, the time-honored device of moving the previous question will be more difficult of execution than in the past, as it will require the demand of ten instead of five delegates, and the actual stopping of the debate can be brought about only by the wish of two-thirds of a quorum instead of a majority.

Senator Root, in his address before the New York State Bar Association on Friday of last week, displayed his characteristic precision of thought and effectiveness of expression. It is true, as he stated, that two distinct factors are to be distinguished in the tendency to criticise our courts: the one relating to questions of efficient procedure, the other to the attitude of the courts towards matters that have in our time become burning questions. We cannot go to the whole length of agreeing with him in the assertion that the defects coming under the first head are to be charged solely to the bar, as distinguished from the bench; though unquestionably it is upon the bar, above all, that the duty devolves of bringing about a better condition. Laws bearing upon court procedure are in crying need of amendment, and lawyers—in and out of Legislatures—must put their shoulders to the wheel if this is to be done; but even as the law stands, much depends on both the temper and the ability of individual judges. As to the other class of grievances against the courts, Mr. Root says some things which it is eminently desirable that impulsive reformers should lay to heart. Impatience with decisions of courts based on an honest interpretation of constitutional provisions has, in many quarters, gone to mischievous lengths; and Mr. Root does not exaggerate when he declares that to indulge this disposition means nothing less than to place in peril our system of government.

The four candidates for Senator Simmons's seat, which becomes vacant next year, have entered into an agreement to keep the expenses of the contest as low as possible. While these terms may be lacking in exactness, they are in all probability quite sufficient to preclude any such expenditures as have disgraced recent Senatorial canvasses in more than one State. It is not necessarily a question of corrupt use of money. The argument as applied to a primary, or what is virtually a primary, as in this North Carolina contest, is rather the inability of a candidate without great resources to meet the legitimate cost of the struggle. In the absence of a law limiting the amount that may be spent, a gentlemen's agreement is a very proper procedure. Senator Simmons is a candidate for reëlection, and opposing him are Gov. Kitchin, ex-Gov. Aycock, and Chief Justice Clark.

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With the official acceptance of the Court-House site in New York a truly notable struggle for an important public object comes to a happy close. The occasion should not be permitted to go by without a word of congratulation, for it teaches a lesson whose application is manifold and constant. And, what is perhaps most encouraging of all, the lesson is one that has been brought out in several widely different directions within the past twelvemonth. It is that in a course deemed important to the public weal, it is always worth while to make a fight, however heavy the odds may seem against it. There was a time when it seemed the manifest destiny of City Hall Park to be sacrificed, for good and all, to the same spirit that had long ago caused it to be impaired and disfigured by the Post Office building and the Tweed Court House. But no sooner was a determined stand made against this danger than it turned out that the forces of civic pride and civic foresight were capable of being rallied against it in a way that surprised even those most interested in the cause. They have now not only repulsed the threatened invasion, but opened the way for the complete restoration of the park, and for a future development of public buildings and grounds at the heart of the city.

Replying to expressions of fear from Southern farmers that negro tenants will become discouraged with their occupation because of the low price of cotton, a Southern newspaper points out that the present situation is not unprecedented. For many years prior to 1909 such tenants got along on the proceeds of their cotton crops, and they did so without the advantage of owning their horses and mules, as many of them do now. Nor did they "ride around in rubber-tired buggies, as many of them do now," or have large bank accounts, "but they kept on ploughing." The chances are, in the opinion of this observer, that the negro tenants are taking the existing depression about as calmly as are those for whom they have worked. A pertinent question in this connection is, Where can the negro go if he deserts the farm? Wages are higher by the day in employment upon construction work, but "there is an even balance about the farm-life that appeals to the negro of good sense and thrift and enterprise." If all this speaks well for the negro, a word of commendation for both races is found in the statement that the relationship between the negro farm-hand and the farmer has been improving.

The completion of the over-sea railway to Key West is admittedly "one of the most remarkable achievements in railway construction in the world." Built on keys and on coral rocks, this great viaduct is literally a road across the sea. By it twenty hours are saved between New York and Cuba, and Key West, 156 miles from the city of Miami and 55 miles out in the ocean, is riveted to the mainland. It is a notable step forward in the peaceful American advance into the Caribbean, and may make Key West an important transfer station for some of the liners that are planned to use the Panama Canal. For his faith in this extraordinary enterprise, his courage to carry it out, and his ability to raise the means, Mr. Flagler deserves the acclaim he has received.

The reception accorded to Synge's best-known play in the redeemed city once more invites the attention of the world to the hollowness of the Philadelphia legend. In Philadelphia, street-railway strikes are exceptionally violent. In Philadelphia, the new gospel of efficiency first saw the light. In Philadelphia, the baseball champions of the world seem to have taken up their permanent abode. And now the Irish poet's "Playboy," traversing this western world to a crescendo of riot and assault, attains its climax of egg-throwing in Philadelphia. That the tradition of Philadelphia's soporific atmosphere should persist in face of such repeated and startling demonstrations of vitality and progressiveness, simply shows that it is much harder to kill a legend than the originator of the legend. The most sophisticated of Babylons might be proud of the way in which the decency of the stage has been vindicated in Philadelphia by means of a warrant of arrest against the Irish Players sworn out by a saloonkeeper.

Wordsworth long ago contended that literature could not afford to be snobbish in the choice of its subject-matter. In his desire to redeem the commonplace he found as great poetic possibilities in a washtub as in a conch shell. And since his time the danger of neglecting the humble actual conditions of life has disappeared forever. With Zola, Gorki, Tolstoy, and Ibsen hammering out the destinies of the poor, the literature of the nineteenth century closed in a democratic pæan. The twentieth century, however, promises much greater gains in this direction. Elated apparently by the interest which writers have shown for them, the humble have taken to setting forth their own conditions. A seamstress presents the simple terms of her life in France and receives a prize. A switchman tells what his duties were, and all the periodicals offer him their columns. Now come "The Diary of a Book-Agent" and the autobiography of a travelling salesman, "Fifty Years on the Road." This we doubt not is carrying the movement farther than Wordsworth ever intended it to go. With his belief in the high calling of the writer, he was glad to have poor Michael or a Highland girl speak out, but he preferred to do their writing for them. Before the century is over it may be expected that even stones and running brooks will find some way of doing their own preaching.

A practical solution for a problem that the daily press has to meet every day and has not yet succeeded in solving, is suggested in President Butler's remarks on the character of college presidents:

> All college presidents are liars *ex officio*. I remember, some years ago, when my dear friend Dr. Canfield became chancellor of the University of Nebraska, he was called a liar by a local newspaper within thirty days. He was walking with President Eliot of Harvard one Sunday afternoon, while we were all together attending an educational meeting, and Mr. Eliot said to Mr. Canfield: "Well, Canfield, I see that you are a liar." "Yes," said Canfield, "I am," and added, "I suppose, Mr. Eliot, they have often called you a liar?" "Oh!" said Mr. Eliot, "worse than that; they have proved it."

Hence it is as plain as daylight that hereafter, in sending a reporter to the office of the *Outlook*, or setting a man to write a story about the Contributing Editor of the *Outlook*, one should get a college president for the job and avoid all possible differences of opinion.

At the banquet of the Booksellers' League held in New York on Wednesday of last week it was admitted that the

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book business needed stricter ethics. Readers who are looking for good books are growing tired, it appears, of being misled, and booksellers resent being made the dupes of the deception. No less startling was the picture drawn by the president, Mr. B. W. Huebsch, of the general reading public:

> Only a handful of people ever read books worth while. There is, of course, quite a demand for trash, but the fact remains that the masses read absolutely nothing; there is an alarmingly wide chasm, I might almost say a vacuum, between the high-brow, who considers reading either as a trade or as a form of intellectual wrestling, and the low-brow, who is merely seeking for gross thrills. It is to be hoped that culture will soon be democratized through some less conventional system of education, giving rise to a new type that might be called the middle-brow, who will consider books as a source of intellectual enjoyment.

What a relief it would be to hear of a forthcoming story: "This is slop, and is recommended to the serious-minded at those times only when they are too tired to think or feel."

Young Mr. Shuster has not left his gift of plain speech behind him at Teheran. In an interview given to the Vienna newspapers, he minces no words about the part Great Britain has chosen to play. Persia, Mr. Shuster declares, is ruled from the Russian and British legations, where the signs of a reawakened national life were anxiously scanned and expeditiously stamped upon. The profit goes all to Russia; for it is within the Czar's sphere of influence that nearly all of desirable Persia, including the capital, is situated. Great Britain is presumably content with her station on the Persian Gulf and a free southern route into India. But of what avail is it to have brought Russia's influence several hundred miles nearer to that jealously guarded trade route? In the *Contemporary Review*, that veteran and well-informed student of international affairs, E. J. Dillon, declares that Persia was mortgaged long ago to the two Powers, and that only the inevitable is now taking place. What has really happened is that Persia's unexpectedly setting out to pay off the mortgage and rebuild her house so alarmed the covetous mortgagees that they did not hesitate at highway robbery to keep the redemption money from being paid.

The Socialist showing in the supplementary elections for the Reichstag has been productive of a double surprise. After the outright capture of sixty-six seats in the first series of contests it seemed that the reballotings would bring the Socialist strength up to the maximum of their preëlection expectations, or 120 seats. But the first day's results in the secondary elections were disappointing: the Socialists gained only seven out of seventy-five seats contested, and their indicated representation in the Reichstag sank to 85 or 90. This forecast in turn was upset by a remarkable succession of victories in the second day's reballotings, which brought the Socialist strength up to ninety-nine, and with thirty-five seats still to be fought for, fixes their probable number in the next Reichstag at 110. There seems to be little doubt that Herr Bebel's followers will constitute the strongest single party in the Diet, and with all other parties of the Left will be able to outvote the Conservative-Centrist coalition to which the Government has looked for its majorities during the last two years.

On the subject of the recent Moroccan negotiations between France and Germany, there is an extremely frank and persuasive statement in last week's *Outlook*, by the German Ambassador at Washington, Count von Bernstorff. The German Ambassador declares that "no one who knew the conditions in Morocco as they really were, and not as one perhaps wished them to be, could entertain the slightest doubt that a French protectorate must in course of time be established." It follows that "for the German Government there was only one way open to protect German commercial interests in Morocco, viz., by securing France's protection of these interests." No difficulties would have arisen between Paris and Berlin had it not been for the French colonial fanatics, who "could not await the ripening of the Moroccan fruit." There followed the French expedition to Fez, and Germany's move at Agadir. One query is suggested by Count von Bernstorff's statement. He declares that there could be no doubt as to the "price" Germany would ask, namely, increased guarantees in Morocco and compensation in the form of colonial territory. As to the first demand there can, of course, be no question. But if, as the German Ambassador admits, a French protectorate in Morocco was logical and inevitable, why should "compensation in the form of colonial territory" be accruing to Germany?

The French Government now faces the task of organizing its protectorate machinery in Morocco. The precise forms in which the French domination will be expressed are of no great importance. There is little variation to the protectorate scheme of government. The native ruler remains as nominal head of the Government, with European "advisers" to keep him in the narrow path. The finances and the army pass under the foreign control, and in the case of the latter we usually find the building up of a native military force under European officers. But in the case of Morocco, it is recognized that there is the serious work of pacification to go hand in hand with the business of organizing a government. The French troops are at present in control of the maritime province of Shawia, the principal capital, Fez, and the frontier zone between Algeria and Morocco. Elsewhere there may be severe fighting before the French authority is completely established. An army of 100,000 men may not be too large for the work in hand.

The introduction of votes for women on a basis of full equality with men is foreshadowed in the speech from the throne at the reopening of the Swedish Parliament. The Scandinavian countries are to-day in the forefront of the movement for woman's emancipation and seem determined to hold their place. Women are now on an equal footing with men in Finland and, with certain modifications, in Norway. It is natural enough that woman's claims for political recognition should make their way first in those countries where the women, taken as a whole, come nearest to the cultural level occupied by the male electorate. But it is something more than school education that is at work. The social life of Scandinavia knows much less of the traditional restrictions and proprieties that characterize the relations of the sexes the world over. From Scandinavia we have come to expect morbid treatment given by women to the problems affecting woman's welfare, sincerely in the case of an Ellen Key, sensationally in the case of a Karin Michaelis.

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ROOSEVELT THE PLOTTER.

Evidence accumulates every day that Mr. Roosevelt is engaged in an intrigue to defeat President Taft at all hazards. The plotting really began from the day of Mr. Taft's inauguration. The audacious man had refused to take orders from his predecessor. He had the impudence to suppose that he was President, not Roosevelt. That was enough. Taft would have to be taught the perils of insubordination. When Roosevelt sailed for Africa, he sent a telegram pledging "loyalty" to Taft, but it was another case of "Art thou in health, my brother?" and then the dagger under the fifth rib. From the beginning until this day, Roosevelt and the Roosevelt circle have devoted themselves to undermining the President. Their course has been one of consistent belittling and backbiting. Some of his measures they have attacked openly; others they have sought to discredit by the meanest insinuations in secret. With less generosity than a red Indian, with unconcealed disloyalty to friendship and to the party, they have gone about by every means in their power—by trick and hint and sneer and scorn—discrediting Mr. Taft so as to make his reelection seem impossible, and so to rob him of the renomination to which under all the rules and proprieties he is entitled. It has been one long exhibition of faithlessness and truculence.

The hope was, of course, to alarm the party managers and to frighten Taft off the field. It was believed that by ceaseless iteration of the assertion that he could not be elected, he would become so discouraged or disgusted as to withdraw from the contest. That scheme, however, fell to the ground. The President announced that nothing but death could keep him from fighting for a second nomination. This dashed the first confident expectation of the conspirators. But they soon concocted another plan, and that is now in full operation. The past week has seen it uncovered. Briefly, an organization was formed and heavily financed to place Roosevelt in the running. Of its intent and methods we may judge by what it has set about doing. The aim was to create, by the lavish use of money and all kinds of artful appeals to the disgruntled and the expectant, the appearance of a "spontaneous" demand for Roosevelt in various parts of the country. There was to be cleverly engineered a self-moved uprising of the party for Roosevelt, which would compel him to yield his personal wish not to be a candidate. And we have duly had the carefully prepared voluntary "demonstrations" in Missouri and Illinois, in Ohio and West Virginia and elsewhere. The bombs which the Roosevelt dark-lantern men had painstakingly planted were exploded according to an agreed programme.

And who are the men, with what motives, that are now working desperately to pull down the President, in order to set up Roosevelt? There are, of course, exceptions among them. A few are of the sort who still cling to their old ideals of Roosevelt. But the majority of those who are supplying the funds and instigating the plot are financiers of the standing of George W. Perkins and Dan Hanna, with some rich men under indictment; while former office-holders and eager candidates are numbered by the hundred. Look up the record of many of the men who are now clamoring for Roosevelt as the greatest citizen of the world, and you will find that they are politicians out of a job, postmasters dismissed for cause, or district-attorneys whom Roosevelt himself was on the point of ousting for drunkenness, and whom President Taft refused to continue in office. And every little fellow who wants to be sheriff or county clerk, every man among the bigger fry who is ambitious to go to the House or Senate, and who feels that under present conditions he has no chance, is prompted to add his voice to the irrepressible and unforced demand of the people that Roosevelt be a candidate once more.

That he will be is as yet by no means certain. It is plain that he does not relish the idea of having to go out and fight for the nomination. And if he thinks that his winning is doubtful, he will surely not rush into the battle. Nor would he desire a nomination that might be followed by defeat. It is, therefore, not at all impossible that, if the tide does not a little later seem to be setting in his direction overwhelmingly, he may dig up and publish a letter written some weeks ago and declaring that he would under no circumstances be a candidate. Such astute manufacturing of evidence in advance, to be used only if the occasion requires, is a manœuvre with which he has made us familiar. Yet it is not these contingencies, one way or the other, that are most attracting the attention of sober-minded men throughout the land, but the nature of the proceeding itself in which Mr. Roosevelt is now engaged. He is working like a mole underground. The most open, manly, and chivalrous of human beings is acting like a fellow in the cellarage. Without reason given or cause assigned, he is pushing on a plot to undo one for whom he has professed the most ardent friendship and a President whom he has certified to his fellow-countrymen in the most glowing words of his vocabulary. This is the thing which is startling all who believe in honorable political methods, and is rapidly heaping upon Mr. Roosevelt a burden of suspicion which even he cannot long endure. There are many different ways in which he would like people to think of him, but he cannot wish them to regard him as a treacherous friend and a midnight plotter.

THE PRESIDENT'S EFFICIENCY MESSAGE.

To the President's sweeping recommendation for the extension of the merit system, contained in his message of last week, a double interest attaches. The scope of the reforms he proposes—which indeed he has indicated on former occasions—is of itself such as to demand the attention of the nation. His proposal contemplates nothing less than the extension to "heads of bureaus in the departments at Washington, and of most of the local offices under the departments," of the same system of appointment, retention, and promotion for merit as now applies to nearly all the positions of lower grade in the Federal service. The President explicitly faces the fact that this change must involve the relinquishment by the Senate of its power of confirmation as to these higher offices and the abandonment of fixed terms of years for their tenure. "So long," he says, "as appointments to these offices must be confirmed by the Senate, and so long as appointments to them must be made every four years, just so long will it be impossible to provide a force of employees with a reasonably permanent tenure who are qualified by reason of education and training to do the best work."

But a distinctive interest is given to the recommendation by the fact that it

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occurs as incidental to the question of efficiency and economy, and not primarily as a measure of general administrative or political reform. The message deals in the main with the labors of the Efficiency Commission, which has been successfully looking into details of departmental management and instituting changes which, as the President shows, have resulted, and will result in the future still more, in important savings for the Government. The aspect of the beneficial results of a system of appointment and promotion for merit which is thus brought to the front is one that in these days will find ample recognition. The idea of the heightened efficiency attainable, even in energetically conducted private enterprises, by the adoption of carefully thought-out methods, has recently acquired a prominence never before known. That the merit system, so long derided as a hobby of impractical doctrinaires, should thus be brought into effective relation with a movement which is the quintessence of practicality is striking testimony to its recognized success in actual experience. In the earlier days its advocates rested their case chiefly on its necessity for the purification of politics, and they were eminently right in so doing; but they also stoutly asserted its value from the standpoint of efficiency, and they have been abundantly vindicated.

The President enumerates several ways in which the extension of the merit system to the higher posts in the Government service will conduce to efficiency and economy. All of these are highly important; but one that he does not specifically name is perhaps the most important of all. Invaluable as has been the advance that our present methods embody, as compared with the old spoils system, the civil service has thus far presented an anomaly the removal of which is necessary to its complete vitalization. The subordinate employee sees fitness rewarded by appointment, and fidelity and efficiency rewarded by promotion, but sees this process end precisely at the point where its results might be expected to be most significant. The skill and experience he may have acquired in years of service are ignored by the Government when it comes to the filling of posts. At the head of the bureau, or the post office, or the Custom House, or the Internal Revenue office, is placed a man brought in from the outside and appointed for personal or political reasons. The difference, not only as regards the qualifications of these heads of offices, but also as regards the ambition and energy which may under such circumstances be expected of subordinate officials, is obvious. The adoption of the President's recommendation would mean a really fundamental step in administrative progress.

If that step should be taken, our country would be entering upon no novel experiment, but simply doing that which the Government of every advanced modern country except our own has long practiced. The ground has been thoroughly laid for it; the merit system within its present very large domain has been tried and tested, and at no time has it been found necessary to take a backward step. With such a record, we must not rest content at a half-way stage. What England and Germany do as a matter of course, it ought now to require no tremendous effort to bring our country to do. What remains of the spoils system in the Federal service still has consequences the same in kind, though not in degree, as the whole overshadowing growth had in the old days; and the functions of government have so enlarged, its expenditures have become so enormous, that the interest of the people in procuring the best possible administration is of more consequence than ever before. The advance pointed out by President Taft is bound to come sooner or later; but he has done a great national service by pressing it upon the attention of Congress, and thus speeding the time when it will be effected.

IRISH HOME RULE.

The next session of the British Parliament does not begin until the middle of February, but the opening guns in the Home Rule campaign have already been fired. The question will undoubtedly be as bitterly fought as any issue that has come before Parliament during the present generation, not excepting the contest over the Finance bill of 1909 or the limitation of the powers of the House of Lords last year. Both of these questions, though of the highest importance in themselves, were in a sense the preparation for the coming battle. It had long ago been recognized that Home Rule was impossible if the upper house retained its veto power on legislation. And it was the Lords' ill-advised eagerness to bring their position to a test that was partly responsible for the rejection of the famous budget. As the Unionist party would describe it, Home Rule is the price paid by Mr. Asquith to Mr. Redmond for being allowed to remain in office. The Liberals, on the other hand, would call Home Rule merely one feature of the democratic programme of which the Parliament bill, Old Age Pensions, and Lloyd George's Insurance bill formed other parts. Even the Liberals would not attempt to maintain that without Mr. Redmond's support any portion of their programme could have been made into law. But if every political alliance for mutual advantage is a bargain, the Liberal-Labor-Nationalist alliance in Parliament can afford to stand up under the charge. At any rate, the question has by this time gone far beyond words to realities.

There is one consideration which at first sight would seem to preclude the probability of a violent contest over Home Rule. The question has already been brought before the country, though indirectly. In both general elections of 1910, the Opposition did its best to make Home Rule the paramount issue. It argued, and with undeniable force, that the shackling of the House of Lords meant the break-up of the Union; and for that matter, the Liberals were not greatly concerned to deny the charge. If, then, the country refused to turn Mr. Asquith out of office, the inference would be that the people either approved Home Rule or were indifferent to it. Either supposition would indicate clear sailing for the new bill. But when all is said and done, there were other issues before the electorate in 1910. If Home Rule by itself had been submitted to the people there would probably have been a more emphatic expression of opinion, one way or the other. The Opposition will probably argue that the present Parliament has no mandate on Home Rule. It will be the opposite of what they argued in 1910, but consistency in times of stress is a minor consideration. The Unionists' chief hope is undoubtedly in a referendum on the subject.

At the same time it is not a very strong hope. The present Government, after two general elections within a single year, is content to sit tight. It will

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try to pass a Home Rule bill in three consecutive sessions, and thus make it law without the consent of the Lords. And the Unionist attack, from present indications, will be directed not so much against the enactment of any bill as against the enactment of a bill such as Mr. Redmond wants. Protestant Ulster, of course, has been threatening fire and sword if Home Rule comes to pass. Sir Edward Carson still talks of marching from Belfast upon the Dublin Parliament. Political feeling, according to the latest reports, is running high in the north of Ireland. But, on the whole, it may be said that the threat of civil war has failed to impress the country at large. Instead of war, Ulster is now threatening pacific resistance. It will refuse to pay taxes to the Dublin Parliament, and see what the Catholic majority is going to do about it.

But the Ulster Protestants are not content to wait until the Dublin Parliament becomes a fact. The *Spectator* announces a policy which may find expression in the coming debates in Parliament. "We are glad to have absolute warrant for stating," says the *Spectator*, "that if the Government are mad enough to insist on passing, as well as producing, a Home Rule bill, the men of Ulster will demand that the measure shall not operate within their boundaries." It is an extraordinary proposal which calls for the splitting up of Ireland into two political entities, with the Catholic provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught under a Parliament at Dublin, and Ulster retaining its present status as a section of the United Kingdom under the direct authority of the Parliament at Westminster. The reasons cited for the proposal are familiar. The Protestant minority will never consent to be governed by the Catholic majority, and prosperous Ulster will not let itself be plundered by the tax-gatherers from Dublin in favor of the poverty-stricken provinces of the south. The *Spectator* is aware of a weak point in its own argument, and attempts to explain it away. Even "Protestant" Ulster is not really Protestant. In that province, too, the Catholics are in a majority. It is only in Belfast and certain counties that the Protestants are in the ascendency. Hence the bill should provide that any county which refuses to come under the Dublin Parliament shall be at liberty to retain its present status. The *Spectator* admits that the Government cannot accept this demand; but it argues that the claim will force the Government into a position where it must either abandon Home Rule or be prepared to enforce it at the point of the bayonet.

To the outside observer, the *Spectator's* demand is quite as impossible as that journal admits it is. What is not so apparent is that bloodshed is the only alternative. The debates in Parliament will bring forward the question why the Ulstermen, even though they are in a minority, should have so little confidence in their superior political training, their wealth, and their powerful backing in England, as to foresee themselves utterly subdued and pillaged by the Irishmen of the south. Is it conceivable that two-thirds of a nation will proceed to oppress and plunder the remaining third? Is it conceivable that the Imperial Parliament will tolerate any such policy? The fears of the Ulstermen give the impression of being partly hysteria and partly deliberate exaggeration for political effect.

WITHHOLDING PUBLIC RECORDS.

The battle now on in the War Department between Dr. Ainsworth, the Adjutant-General of the army, and Dr. Wood, the Chief of Staff, is, curiously enough, of especial interest to historical students and writers the country over. Not because they care which of these former medical officers runs the army, but because they are hoping that something will happen to remove Gen. Ainsworth from the control of the records of the War Department. With the rise of this remarkable officer most newspaper readers are familiar. Originally an assistant surgeon in the army, he was assigned in 1887 to the Record and Pension Bureau, and there his special genius quickly manifested itself. Here is his achievement as set forth in "Who's Who":

> Devised and introduced the index-record card system, by means of which all military and medical records have been reproduced in such a way as to make the full history of any soldier immediately available. Upwards of 50,000,000 index-record cards have been prepared and placed on file. The adoption of this system has resulted in a permanent saving of over $500,000 per annum.

Now, this brilliant service to the Government has very properly been recognized. The War Department and Congress alike appreciated it, and so Dr. Ainsworth became successively colonel and chief of the Record and Pension Office in 1892, brigadier-general and chief in 1899, and Major-General and Military Secretary of the entire army in 1904, his title being changed to the historic one of Adjutant-General in 1907. For virtually the first time in the history of the service, this important position was given to a man who had never served in command of troops. Congress was, of course, willing, because Dr. Ainsworth's service had been of especial value to it. If a Congressman wished a soldier's record, Ainsworth got it to him in the shortest order. It might have taken weeks before, and sometimes months. But after Dr. Ainsworth took hold, order appeared out of chaos. The same has been true since Gen. Ainsworth has had entire charge of the records of the War Department. Let a Congressman desire any information and as many clerks as can be used on the task will work overtime, and the major-general in charge will wait until midnight at his desk, if necessary, in order to sign the letter. It is not surprising, therefore, that Congress should have gratefully included in the first draft of the pending Hay Army bill a provision that, four years hence on reaching the age-limit, Gen. Ainsworth should retire as a lieutenant-general, a rank reserved prior to the Spanish War for Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield.

Unfortunately, when a man of ability has devoted his life to a single thing like a card-catalogue system, he is very apt to confuse the means and the end. Gradually, so the historians have found, the all-important thing in Gen. Ainsworth's mind has become the preservation untouched of that record. All the public documents under his charge have become like so many typhoid-fever patients, to be nursed with tenderest care and to be seen only by the nurses and the doctors. To this rule the only exceptions have been Congressmen or their especial friends. Let a mere teacher of history, an insignificant college professor, or a writer of books, seek access to original records, and Dr. Ainsworth knew what to say. Brisk, sharp, and to the point was the never-failing rebuke for such audacity. In only one case known to us was this guardian of the

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threshold passed; the historian came armed with a letter from the Commander-in-Chief in the White House, whereupon the sentries fell back.

But the ordinary seeker after information in the archives has no such luck. If the matter about which he inquires has been printed, he is referred to that publication, and if he objects that he is after the originals, and not a transcript which may or may not have been altered, his objection is overruled with the finality of the Supreme Court. The other day a contributor to the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, who wished to compile the records of the graduates of Harvard in the army of the United States, was rash enough to think that the records of the War Department were there for precisely this kind of purpose. The Adjutant-General quickly undeceived him, and he writes sadly as follows:

> The Adjutant-General of the War Department will not furnish information contained in the archives in his custody. The following endorsement appears on one of my applications for facts: "Under the rules of this Department the information requested cannot be furnished for historical purposes." I digress to say, I am willing to pay public servants for any work done at my request, and submit an impertinent inquiry: Under what "rules" do pension attorneys with sordid and sinister motives acquire knowledge of this character?

Not so long ago Dr. Dunbar Rowland of the Department of Archives and History in Mississippi attempted to get material from Gen. Ainsworth for the military history of his State. He received the usual refusal, but was not to be put off so easily. Then Gen. Ainsworth used a trump card. "It is simply out of the question," he wrote, "to permit any one not under the control of the Department and not trained in the use of card files to have access to those files. . . . To make an exception in your favor would open the door to a flood of appeals from others who would demand, and rightfully, that similar favors should be shown to them." "You must regard," concluded this autocrat, "the decision as final." Dr. Rowland was impertinent enough to remind Gen. Ainsworth that the State Government had aided him in perfecting the records of the War Department, and declined to accept any decision as final which refused him access to the public records.

But his efforts were in vain, and Gen. Ainsworth's rules are now applied to all historical material in the War Department. For example, no one can get at the reports there of Gen. Robert E. Lee, nor at the papers of Jefferson Davis. And complete historical writing about the latter is impossible at present, until Gen. Ainsworth is overruled. To us it appears as if it should be only necessary to call attention to this grave abuse and to point out that in the Public Records Office in London searchers after historical material, whether from England or from the United States, enjoy the freest access to all records. The records are public property, and to be used as such. Card catalogues are good in their way, but the Department's worship of them has been carried beyond all bounds. Historical students the country over will gladly petition Congress to give Gen. Ainsworth his lieutenant-generalcy, but upon one condition—that he retire at once. Meanwhile, we can only advise those who want historical facts in Gen. Ainsworth's custody to seek them through Congressmen. We are told that this works well.

BUREAUS OF INFORMATION.

Among the many attempts to define the present age, the two most met with are extreme and quite opposed to each other. One waves aside antiquity as a blundering waste of good opportunity, and is all for the progress of the present; the other, with a sigh for the days that are no more, proclaims that man's mind has grown feeble with age. The first view is, of course, blind with conceit; the second recalls Edmund Spenser's "Teares of the Muses," in which he decided, at a time when English poetry was beginning upon a flight never since equalled, that there was little hope for its future. In the array of evidence which both sides have presented we are surprised that no inferences have been drawn from one important institution of our modern civilization—the more so because it might be made to point in either of the two directions. We mean the bureau of information.

Looked at in one way, it should bring great joy to modernists. It seems to indicate that the mind of man has not lost its capacity for storing up a mass of facts. Bacon took all knowledge for his province. But did Bacon have more at his tongue's end than the man who sits in the Grand Central Station and declares without pride or swelling the precise moment at which you can catch the next train for Hartford, New Rochelle, or Peru, Indiana? New trains are continually added, schedules are changed, but the position of informer is easily filled. Or what shall we say of that gentleman at the desk of the National Library in Paris in which there is no public catalogue of books printed before 1880, because this same gentleman can tell you what you are seeking if you come anywhere near the title? Or how shall we explain the floorwalker in the modern department store?

But there is another side to all this. The question is whether the very accessibility of information does not tend to relieve the ordinary man of the need of thinking altogether. It is all very well to plan for leaders who, with every convenience, work out titanic ideas, but if the fact-collecting masses cannot understand them, the superman thus created will be of little avail. At any rate, average man, it should seem from a wide range of instances, is being pampered. Formerly when a citizen heard the fire-bell, he counted the strokes and, consulting his brief guide to locate the neighborhood of the conflagration, tried to reason out whose house or shop it could be. It couldn't be Mr. Jones's shop, because he allowed no smoking on the premises; it couldn't be Mrs. Smith's house, since she had no open fireplaces. The chances were the reasoning would be faulty, but conclusions proceeded from premises, and the process of actual thinking took place. Now the moment a person is interested in a fire he calls up "Central" and finds out all about it. Oh, Central! mother of all bureaus! When the clock stops, there is no more the pretty calculation from the position of the sun that my lord will soon be home, and that it is time to put on the potatoes. Again Central is consulted, and Central always knows the "correct time." All of which may be better for my lord and for the potatoes, but scarcely for his lady's powers of thinking. Withal, the mind is becoming nervous and irritable. In Miss Abigail Athington's memory runs the incomplete stanza:

> Life is like a flower
> Turning toward the sun;
> Ah, if I had power
> To . . .

To what? To . . . she cannot endure.

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not knowing. Instead of sitting down and trying to determine where she learned that stanza, and so to piece it out for herself, she must write to another bureau—the Queries and Answers columns. And, sure enough, a subscriber from Nipissing, Mich.—the editor having given it up—completes the last verse.

It is no doubt comforting, even inspiring, to reflect that in any large community, or say, in a university town, can be found the answer to every reasonable question—that experts in all conceivable subjects are at your service when handy books of reference and "Central" fail. But it might perhaps be just as well for the mental fibre of the present generation if once in so often a censorship were put over questions, or if to any person were permitted only a given number a month. It would then come over mankind how little it depends upon its own powers of reasoning. Perhaps then the excitable maiden would refrain from inquiring, "At what time does the eight o'clock train for Buffalo start?"

REWRITING THE DECALOGUE.

A careful reading of Sunday sermons as reported in Monday morning newspapers shows that there is increasing interest in the Ten Commandments. Such interest manifests itself principally in the endeavor to revise the Decalogue by bringing its message into closer touch with the questions of the day. Clergymen are naturally the principal factors in the movement, though occasionally a President of the United States or a retired captain of industry takes a hand. The changes proposed are of all kinds, but it may safely be said that none of them runs towards a simplification of the Biblical phraseology. On that point, the language of Exodus leaves little to be desired. There is a fine epigrammatic sting about phrases like "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Six days shalt thou labor," which gives them a place beside some of the very best things by Mr. Chesterton. The modern improvements tend rather towards amplification, addition, and substitution. Frequently a preacher will emphasize the necessity of a Decalogue of eleven, twelve, or even more commandments. Occasionally one of the ten original injunctions and prohibitions will be discarded as out-of-date. Most revisers, however, cling to the old number, contenting themselves when the need arises with substituting one of their own commandments for one enunciated on Sinai.

We have no quarrel with the men who are engaged in translating the words of the old Law into terms of the present day. There have been revised versions of the Bible, and one of them has seen fit to throw over completely the language of the Authorized Version in favor of the language that obtains, let us say, in the current magazines. We are not prepared to say where the line should be drawn in such modern revisions, or whether there should be any line drawn at all. In course of time it may become necessary to alter the Biblical text in accordance with Professor Lounsbury's conception of the evolution of grammar, and write, "Be not afraid, it is me," or "Moses stood and said, whom is on the Lord's side." Usage has the final word. If usage commands, whom will dare to say nay? Not us, for one.

To the extent, therefore, that the Bible is the handiwork of man, it cannot hope to be exempt from the universal law of the day which ordains that we shall give the public what it wants. If the public wants a Decalogue with twelve commandments in it, we presume the public ought to have it. If the public wants its moral law put into simplified spelling, that, too, will come in good time. Much less reason is there, consequently, for refusing the pulpit the right to give the public what it wants in the way of Ten Commandments trained on the specific issues of the moment. In spite of what we have said regarding the admirable simplicity of the language of the Decalogue, there is no denying that that interesting document is altogether too abstract for our own times, is sadly lacking in news value. What the times require is a Decalogue with a "kick" to it.

There is all the less ground for criticising the growing class of Sunday editors of the text of Moses, because the movement is distinctly in accordance with a principle which obtains everywhere in the modern world, and in this country more than elsewhere. This modern principle is that laws are primarily made to be amended, revised, and repealed, and only secondarily to be executed. Among us, if a law is not obeyed, we shrink from enforcing it. We rather pass a second law which also is not obeyed, but which at least gives voice to the people's dissatisfaction with the first one. Thus with the Decalogue. If its ten provisions are violated, add some more, or subtract some, or rewrite some, or change the order. It would be old-fashioned to be content with driving home the Ten Commandments as they stand. We need the touch of actuality, the specific case, the accusing finger. And, unfortunately, whatever inspiration rested upon the author of the Tables of the Law, the Decalogue does not make mention of insurance thieves, beef barons, and locked doors in factory buildings.

By this time, it has been made clear how far our sympathies run with the Decalogue revisers. It is only a word of warning that we would here inject. The thing is in great danger of being overdone. Unauthorized individuals are drawing up all sorts of Decalogues of their own, admirable enough in their way, but by their very multiplicity somewhat deficient as guides to conduct. There are numberless little Mount Sinais in action. We have Decalogues beginning "Thou shalt brush thy teeth twice a day and raise thy bed-room window from the bottom"; or "Thou shalt read faithfully the publications of the Bureau of Municipal Research." It is all very confusing.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.—HISTORY.

PARIS, January 12.

"Valentine de Milan, Duchesse d'Orléans" (Plon—444 pages, 8vo, 7.50 francs), by Emile Collas, is an attractive book made possible by modern methods of historical study:

> I have made use of published works and of the manuscripts kept in our archives and libraries, printed books, and unpublished documents. I believe I have written conscientiously and impartially, otherwise this book would not be history but legend or romance. . . . I have indicated, I think, the certain or only probable character of the facts which have come before me.

The result is an enlightening "life and times" of a gentle, righteous, refined, and cultivated princess of Italy, who was married in her early youth to a French prince not unlike herself, though capable of princely infidelity. Together they had to struggle against a world very unlike themselves, vainly and in sadness at the time, but for their people's good, as the long run of time has shown.

Valentine Visconti, whose father was

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shortly to become Duke of Milan, made her appearance in Paris, Sunday, August 22, 1389, in the coronation cortège of Queen Isabeau, who was to be her fiercest persecutor. The book opens with a minute picture of this royal procession, its personages and costumes, and the people's rejoicings, and of King Charles VI, already half-mad, dodging round street corners to look at it. The fatal dance of the Sauvages, the power of Valentine to soothe the King's fury and the Queen's accusation that Valentine was casting spells over him; the people's passion against her and her enforced exile from Paris; the birth of her son, the poet Charles d'Orléans; her relations with foreign ministers and her private life; the assassination in Paris of her husband, Louis Duke of Orléans, by Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy; her return to Paris, and patient suit before the King to avenge her husband's memory; the capture of the city by Jean sans Peur and her death in new exile; the woes which her defeat brought on France until Joan of Arc, who also triumphed only in death, came to chase the English from France and crush the Burgundian; the coming of Valentine's posterity to the throne of France in the persons of Louis XII and Francis I; the troubling of her and her husband's bones in the great Revolution, and their final dispersion in the new Revolution of 1848—all this furnishes material and local color and plots for any number of historical romances, yet it is history quite authentic. "Every one knows the name of Valentine of Milan; no one, or next to no one, knows her history. . . . It had not been written; I have tried to give it in this volume."

Louis Batiffol, whose successive volumes, documentary and readable, have made him a chief authority on Louis XIII, takes up a side question, "Were Anne of Austria and Mazarin married?" in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (December 23, 1911). It has a certain actuality from recent discussions of the correspondence between the two; and in France even century-old history is so largely controversy that it is still sometimes insinuated Louis XIV might well be son of the Italian Cardinal and not of the Bourbon King. There was no great impediment in the way of their marrying after the death of Louis XIII, for Mazarin was not a priest; but M. Batiffol brings out all the improbability of it.

Richelieu on his deathbed pointed out Mazarin to the King as the only man able to save the political situation; and the King in turn made his Queen, Anne of Austria, promise not to give up Mazarin after his own death. Louis XIV lived under the two until his twenty-third year, evidently without suspicion, although his love for his mother cannot be doubted. Madame de Motteville, the close companion of Anne of Austria's widowhood, in her Memoirs, which have all the air of sincerity, seems never to have heard of any rumor of the kind; and Cardinal de Retz, who loved neither the Queen nor Mazarin, and was likely to have known, was evidently equally ignorant. It was only when the Fronde with its agitation against the Cardinal's policies began, that the idea was broached as an easy and popular explanation of his power. To make it more credible, it was added that the "secret but not clandestine" marriage had been celebrated by Père Vincent (St. Vincent de Paul)! All this went no further than a *mazarinade* at the time; but sixty years later it fell somehow into the heavy German consciousness of the Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orléans—and she hastened to accredit it before posterity.

The letters between the Queen when regent and the Cardinal (both were between fifty and sixty years of age) were written in a cipher which Mazarin himself complains he cannot always read. By very uncertain transcriptions, a school of higher criticism has everywhere translated their undoubted "amitié," which seems natural enough under the circumstances, into a supposed "amour," which M. Batiffol argues from known facts is altogether improbable. The date and circumstances of the marriage of Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon have never been known; yet no one (except Mark Twain) has doubted it, for the sufficient reason, among others, of its contemporary acceptance shown, for example, by the severe and knowing Saint-Simon. For Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin there is not a trace of anything of the kind. Cardinal de Retz said of historians of his time:

> I admire the insolence of persons of no condition who imagine they have penetrated the inmost hearts of those who take part in great affairs. I found one day on the study table of Monsieur le Prince (le Grand Condé) two or three works of such servile and venal souls, and he said as he saw me looking at them: "Those wretched writers make of you and me what they would have been in our places!"

"La Mère de Napoléon" (Fontemoing—315 pages 12mo, 3.50 francs), by C. de Tschudi, should be welcome to the many interested in the mother of Napoleon. Madame Mère, as she was called, never put on any of the numerous crowns he distributed among his eager family. At most, she saved the money that came to her with the pathetic foresight of a widow who had brought up her wonderful eight children in straitened circumstances. "*Pourvu que ça dure* (provided it lasts)!" was her saying all through the days of glory, in which—

> The Kings sat down to dinner, the Queens stood up to dance.

She lived until 1836, more than twenty years after it ceased to last, nearly fifteen after her Napoleon died in St. Helena. Another Emperor Napoleon, who came later for eighteen splendid years, had her body taken back to her native Corsica in 1857 and built over it the chapel tomb with the proud inscription in letters of gold on black marble—*Mater Regum*.

Baron Larrey, son of Napoleon's surgeon, has written of her in two volumes and Frédéric Masson has dealt with her in his extraordinary writings on Napoleon's family. This little book of Madame de Tschudi is easy reading and carefully compiled from all that has hitherto been published. It tells her story, domestic, maternal, heroic, with sympathy, even in the Corsican family's vendetta against Josephine (they went further and found worse in Marie Louise). Particularly interesting are the chapters of the life in Corsica, where Doctor Johnson's General Paoli appears agreeably for those who like to "situate" their historical personages in generations of their own acquaintance. The father was a spendthrift, loving wine and women and variety of life like his youngest son, the Jerome Bonaparte who lightly married his Baltimore wife, and as easily left her. It is characteristic that the nearest friend of Napoleon's mother, until death separated them in 1835, was the German princess whom Napoleon imposed on Jerome as a wife. This could hardly have been the foresight of duration, although Catherine of Westphalia alone, among the Bonaparte wives, left posterity able to furnish French Pretenders down to our own day. The next generation may see the American line of Betty Patterson left alone to perpetuate the name.

Madame de Tschudi notes that, although Napoleon's mother consented to sign the legal protest, which was effective in French law, against Jerome's American marriage, she long hesitated to repudiate its validity, which the Pope recognized to the end. She does not seem to have had the same scruples about Josephine's marriage, which Napoleon took care should not be judged by the Pope, but by the local *officialité* of the diocese of Paris. The latter case brings up another unsettled question of history, which even Henri Welschinger does not seem to have appreciated in his work on the "Divorce of Napoleon." It concerns the marriage of Marie Louise, with Neipperg, for which it has always been difficult to assign a date. Their son, the late Prince de Monte Nuovo, whose legitimacy was not questioned from the first, was born a few weeks after Napoleon's death; but Marie Louise's remarriage was long before a matter of common report. Even the House of Austria had to keep up a certain observance of the proprieties. Did they not act on the public sentiment that the Church, that is, the Pope, had never recognized the an-

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nulment of Josephine's marriage with Napoleon?

In any case, Napoleon's mother seems to have entered cordially into her son's second matrimonial venture, although she took occasion to warn him that Marie Louise was *nulle* if not worse. Madame Mère shared her son's exile in the island of Elba; and to her he confided his departure to try his fortune over again in France. After Waterloo, the actor Talma, who was the reader of Queen Hortense, saw the last act of the tragedy at Malmaison, where Josephine had lately died. Napoleon and his mother bade farewell for ever. Two tears rolled down her cheeks as she clasped his hand: "Adieu, my son!" Napoleon answered sadly, "Adieu, my mother!" And they kissed for the last time. That was all, for real life has no rhetoric.

"L'Impératrice Joséphine" (Calmann-Lévy—360 pages, 8vo, 7.50 francs), by the Baron de Méneval, is a life taken "from the testimony of her principal historians." The author is a grandson of Napoleon's secretary, whose memoirs he has edited. He tells his story clearly and with fair completeness, from its beginnings in the West Indies to the end while Napoleon was exiled in Elba. The only unpublished material which he seems to have used for this very readable and favorable life of Josephine is a collection of letters of Queen Hortense, which he has in his possession. Perhaps the most striking words are those in which the daughter defends her mother from the point of view of history. She had lived to see the irruption of what would now be called "interviews" into sober history from the dead past. "I have read all the works which have appeared," she writes in 1825; "the conversations have not common sense. How can you repeat what was scarcely heard, so fugitive that tone and features sometimes say more than language . . . It is new and piquant to speak evil of my mother—for myself, I have long been used to it. For that matter, we are great puppets made to play to amuse the passing reader and gain money." In 1834 she writes: "History is already beginning for us—and where are they looking for what concerns us? In libellous pamphlets which have been left unanswered since 1815." The mother of Napoleon in her exile had long since used her common sense and refused to see Madame de Staël: "She will go off and write things which she will say I said to her!"

A pretentious play of 1911, professing to be historical, but only insolent with the passion of historical controversy, has tried unsuccessfully to bring before the Paris public the old stories of Josephine and a Monsieur Charles, supposedly an officer under Napoleon at Milan. Henri Welschinger has remarked in a few caustic words of year-end review that there is no proof of the story nor even of the identity or existence of the man! Our author has taken less account of these controversies than Madame de Tschudi, who finds in Josephine's relations with Barras an excuse for the hostility of the Bonaparte women towards her from the start. His book will ground the reader pleasantly and with a knowledge of authentic testimonies in the history of one whose life he well sums up:

> In spite of reproaches deserved or undeserved, Josephine in the people's memory remains one of the best-loved sovereigns of France. She was the good genius of Napoleon. . . . In spite of the efforts of iconoclasts to mutilate the features of the gracious Creole, Josephine will remain the "good Empress" for those who place at the head of all qualities those which come from the heart—gentleness, kindness, goodness.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There lies on the table before me a slender novel with paper cover in red, white, and blue. It bears the imprint of a Chicago publisher and the date 1908. On the front cover is an illustration of a man and woman kissing with all the abandon of stage kisses. There is also a frontispiece of a similar nature, and the advertisements of Post Card Booklets that occupy the vacant pages are not the most refined company for any self-respecting writer to keep. There is no indication of an author, however, for this volume has evidently found its readers among a class that do not consider matters so impertinent as authorship. The suggestive title (in red letters) is "Love Adventures of a Milkmaid." Poor Mr. Hardy! how he might shudder to recognize his offspring in such guise! For this is none other than "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," by the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It was first published, as we learn from Mr. Lane's bibliography of Hardy, in the *Graphic Summer Number* for 1883, and later appeared (January 25, 1884) in the pocket edition of George Munro's Seaside Library. Mr. Lane gives no account of its later history; and he has missed several of the earlier links in the chain. The book was not first issued by Munro in January, 1884; there was an earlier issue of the pocket edition on December 15, 1883. Still earlier was the Seaside issue, No. 1686, not in the pocket edition, dated July 14, 1883. But most interesting of the intermediate versions is what is no doubt the first American issue of the story, in Harper's Franklin Square Library, June 29, 1883, which reproduces the four full-page illustrations (three of them signed by C. S. Reinhart) of the *Graphic*. The American versions of the text are full of printer's errors, each adding some to those of its predecessor, until we reach the pocket edition of Munro, many times reprinted since 1883; one could hardly imagine a text more badly printed, more full of mistakes, more distressing to read, than this, which is in all respects identical with that of the Chicago "Love Adventures."

Harpers have long since discontinued the publication of this story, on request of the author. It seems clear that Mr. Hardy wished to have it suppressed, regarding it as a youthful indiscretion. Like the king in the fairy tale, he has abandoned his child in the woods; but things have gone quite according to the usual formula. The babe has been found by some charcoal-burner; has been brought up in obscure and humble circumstances; has grown into a stalwart and attractive youth, *le bel inconnu*. All that remains is the inevitable discovery of parentage, return to the palace, and investiture with princely regalia.

The tale is not altogether unworthy of its parentage. Being in a comic vein not very congenial to Hardy, the narrative is not to be taken seriously as a transcript from life. But its persistent survival shows that its incidents are such as to hold a reader's interest; and there is great charm about the early chapters, written much in the spirit of a fairy tale. We make the acquaintance of a mysterious melancholy foreigner, a Baron in fact, who plays somewhat the part of fairy prince, with the difference that he is not destined to marry Cinderella. Cinderella is the milkmaid, who is taken to her ball under circumstances almost as romantic as in the fairy tale. She meets her Baron in the midst of the forest, finding her wonderful dress, which is described as a "sort of heavenly cobweb," in the hollow of a tree. Very pretty is the scene in which, having donned this gossamer creation, she is unable to get out of the tree by the rift through which she entered, and the Baron is obliged to free her by tearing away "pieces of the wooden shell which enshrouded Margery and all her loveliness." After the ball, she is obliged to give up her beautiful things in the very place in which she had received them. Kindling a fire of dry sticks, the Baron prepares to burn up the dress. In vain the agonized Margery implores him to spare something of the finery:

> He was as immovable as Rhadamanthus. "No," he said, with a stern gaze of his aristocratic eye. . . . He gave the fire a stir, and lace and ribbons, and the twelve flounces, and the embroidery, and all the rest crackled and disappeared. He then put in her hands the butter-basket she had brought to take on to her grandmother's, and accompanied her to the edge of the wood, where it merged in the undulating country in which her granddame dwelt.

The story has the usual interest of the Wessex setting. Any one doubtful of the authorship of the "Love Adventures" would be soon convinced, not merely by the names of Anglebury and the Swenn, but by the landscapes with their strange large poetry. In the first paragraph we read of a valley shrouded in mist: "Nature had laid a white hand over the creatures ensconced within the valè, as a hand might be laid over a nest of chirping birds." With the next paragraph we arrive in the midst of the dairy scenery that makes so great a charm of "Tess":

> The noises that ascended through the pallid coverlet were perturbed lowings, mingled with human voices in sharps and flats, and the bark of a dog. These, followed by the slamming of a gate, explained as well as eyesight could have done, to any inhabitant of the district, that Dairyman Tucker's under-milker was driving the cows from the meads into the stalls. When a rougher accent joined in the vociferations of man and beast, that same inhabitant would have distinguished that Dairyman Tucker himself had come out to meet

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the cows, pail in hand, and white pinafore on: and when, moreover, some women's voices joined in the chorus, that the cows were stalled, and proceedings about to commence.

A comparative hush followed, the atmosphere being so stagnant that the milk could be heard buzzing into the pails, together with the words of the milkmaids and men whenever they spoke above gossiping tones.

No further account need be given of the Romantic Milkmaid. It does not take a Dick Swiveller to discover the merits of this obscure Marchioness. It will be seen that she is a little undergrown sister of Tess, and for that reason to be cherished and secured from utter neglect.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

MR. TAFT'S FITNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of January 11 you ask for a "bill of particulars" of the reasons why Mr. Taft should not be renominated. Have you not furnished this bill yourself? For, in another editorial, on December 7, entitled "The President's Apologia," you say that the question "will turn very largely upon the estimate of his personality, of his fitness for the work of a party leader and a national Executive"; and then, after questioning whether he has "the steady push of the born Executive," whether "his tolerance does not tend to make him slack," and intimating that he is too often compelled to "repair damages" which "a surer insight and a more resolute attitude would have prevented," you refer to the "happy-go-lucky" preparation of "his ill-starred Winona speech." "Dilatoriness and carelessness," you say, "were never more glaringly exhibited or more terribly punished." But "behind this laxness lay a graver fault. Mr. Taft was playing with fire and did not know it." "He never knew that the gun was loaded! But ignorance of this kind is almost fatal in a political leader. If he does not know by instinct or cannot discover by careful inquiry what the people are saying of a capital measure, the inevitable result is that he will make such blunders as Mr. Taft has made, and, too late, wake up to what he has done and seek to retrace his steps."

A President, you say, "should stand forth as an inspiring leader, capable of winning not merely cold approval, but warm devotion, and of raising a shining standard to which an acclaiming multitude will repair." Are you not, in these words, unconsciously describing some one you do not intend? But however that may be, you add: "That Mr. Taft has thus far shown either the eminent sagacity or the consuming energy needed for the task of leadership thus described, not *even his best friends* can assert. And the conviction is becoming slowly established that he will not be able to do so in the future."

Many other items might, indeed, be added to those which you have already supplied. There was the fulsome adulation of Aldrich at Boston; there was the appointment of the blundering and incompetent Ballinger, and the sticking to him after his unfitness had been shown by legal evidence and from his own lips; there was the imposition of the degrading conditions that made the revolt of Pinchot necessary; there was the corrupt use of the Federal patronage to coerce the political action of insurgent Congressmen, as shown by the Norton letter; there was Controller Bay; there was his support of the infamous political gang in his home city, Cincinnati, and the practical recantation of his Akron speech against Boss Cox, a speech which had been made amid a better environment than that now surrounding him. Failure has been written everywhere upon his record—the defeat of his party at the last Congressional election, his repudiation by his own State and by his own city at its recent municipal election; his failure to secure reciprocity, largely due to the effect upon Canadians of his own blundering words, of which you yourself say in your editorial of December 14, "Mr. Taft's unlucky phrase did yeoman service for the anti-reciprocity men." The list of mistakes and failures can be indefinitely extended, but why go on?

But you go further, and you say (January 11): "That the Progressive Republicans had some warrant in 1909 and 1910 for being dissatisfied with President Taft, we do not deny, but this is 1912, and they are bound to point out the exact things in his policy and attitude *to-day* which they condemn. Is it the tariff? His position on that is at least as aggressive as theirs; they cannot make an issue of that. Is it conservation? He is *now* as fully committed to the doctrine as they are," etc.

Now, some of the matters criticised above occurred within the past few months, but if they had not, what think you of a candidate who, under pressure of his desire for renomination at a closely approaching election, reverses the voluntary conduct of his earlier days? Will a mere place upon the mourner's bench at this moment make good the record of a Presidential term?

WM. DUDLEY FOULKE.

Richmond, Ind., January 14.

[Our point was, not that Mr. Taft is not open to criticism, but that his Progressive opponents do not say what present fault they find in him. Would Mr. Roosevelt, for example, endorse our correspondent's "bill"?—ED. THE NATION.]

"TELLS HIS TALE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of January 11, Prof. J. M. Hart criticises the Oxford Dictionary's explanation of Milton's

> And every shepherd tells his tale.

Let us examine Professor Hart's argument, first, as to its linguistic interpretation of *tells his tale* as a phrase idiom, and, secondly, in the light of the poetic situation.

The use Professor Hart makes of the Oxford Dictionary's quotation from "Cursor Mundi," 7164, to show that *tell his tale* is used in a numerical sense before the nineteenth century, is far from convincing. We are here dealing with an idiomatic phrase. Surely no one wants to dispute that *tell* often meant "count," and *tale*, "sum" or "number." The question is, does the idiomatic combination *tell his tale* ever mean "count his sum"? In the first place, the "Cursor Mundi" passage is not an instance of the phrase *tell his* (or *a*) *tale;* it is another idiom, meaning "count by number"—here, "a thousand that was counted by number." This passive clause when turned into the active voice becomes "that he counted by number," and in no sense "he counted his number"; the pronoun *that,* not the word *number,* is object of *counted,* just as *charges,* not *tale* or *number,* is object of *told* in Browne as quoted. The idiom *count by number* is further illustrated by the Oxford Dictionary quotations; *e. g.,* Ormin 4550, "whase wile tellenn hemm *By tale*"; "Cursor Mundi," 13302 (Cott.), "Tuelue thai war to tell *in tale.*"

In the second place, by Professor Hart's own admission, the next two quotations have nothing to do with the idiom *tell his tale* in a numerical sense. His innocent-looking parenthesis in veiled subordination, "where the meaning of *tale* is 'account' rather than 'count,' " at once throws the two illustrations entirely out of court. They show absolutely nothing about the numerical sense, either of the stereotyped phrase *tell his tale,* or of the entirely different phrase which they illustrate, *tell little tale of.* The formal distinction between *teld* and *told* is the least of the differences between the two idioms.

In the third place, the words from the "Complainte of Scotlande"—*to pas the tyme quhil euyn*—are poor evidence for the odd interpretation, "while evening is here," or for the fact that "evening is proverbially the time for laboring men to exchange stories." *Quhil euyn* here means simply "till evening." One need seek no further than Shakespeare for examples: "Macbeth," iii, 1, 43:

> . . . we will keep ourself
> Till supper time alone; *while* then, God be with you!

Schmidt cites other instances. The Century Dictionary quotes further examples from B. Jonson and J. Earle. There are several instances in Lodge's "Rosalynde," in which pastoral language prevails; one of them is nearly identical in phraseology with the passage in "Complainte of Scotlande": "He, after supper, to pass away the night *while* bedtime, began a long discourse," etc. Certainly, this does not mean "while bedtime is here."

Now as to the poetic situation. We are not asked, as Professor Hart says, to conceive "that all the shepherds, immediately on rising, proceed to exchange stories." Surely it is sufficiently well known that Milton's description in "L'Allegro" represents a progress through a day. It begins when the lark startles the dull night; then the dappled dawn arises, the cock gathers his dames about him, the poet walks out against the full blazing sun, the mower has begun his work, the shepherds (having let their flocks out to pasture) gather under the hawthorn to shelter themselves from the now hot sun, Corydon and Thyrsis are at their savory dinner set, afterwards binding up the now dry sheaves, and so on till "to bed they creep." The natural conception here, fully borne out by previous English pastoral poetry, is that the shepherds, having set their flocks a grazing, when the morning is becoming warm, meet in the shade of the hawthorn to pass the time. Indeed, if we must insist on realism, that is just what happens in the Second Shepherds' Play—after counting their sheep, the shepherds meet under

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the thorn (conventionally, for it is cold) to compare notes, just as Cuddie and Willie do in Browne. Milton's "hawthorn in the dale" is the identifying mark showing that, having done their morning's work, the shepherds meet in the shade to pass the time "while evening."

The Second Shepherds' Play is indeed illuminating; it shows the world of difference between realistic English shepherd life and the conventions of pastoral poetry. Obviously, "L'Allegro" is nearer the latter in spirit, like "Lycidas." Spenser's "Shepherds' Calendar" throws much light on the subject. In "March," the shepherds meet in the morning (line 3) near a hawthorn to tell tales, remaining until sunset (115). In "April," letting the flocks out to graze, they sit in the shade (31), singing to each other till night (160). In "May," while the flocks are feeding (173), Piers tells a tale which (conventionally) lasts till night (315). In "June," while the birds are in full song (7-8), Colin sits with Hobbinol in the shade (1-2) and "complains" till night (117). In "August," shunning the heat (48), Willie and Perigot hold a singing match which ends at night (197). In "September," the shepherds "talke and tellen" till night (254). In "October," Piers and Cuddie

> . . . cast with what delight to chace
> And weary thys long lingring Phoebus race (3).

It is evident in all this that the shepherds do not wait for evening, "proverbially the time for laboring men to exchange stories." The idea is invariably that the shepherds on rising let their flocks out to graze, and then meet in the shade to amuse themselves till night, by singing, telling tales, etc. Note the time arrangement in the closing lines of "Lycidas." But if the meeting of shepherds for mutual amusement in the morning is inconceivable in this conventional pastoral poetry, and we are to insist on realism in "L'Allegro," what shall we do with *all* the shepherds meeting under one hawthorn in the dale and counting their flocks? Where are the sheep? And what is the method of counting? Finally, Spenser helps us as to the proper meaning of *tells his tale*. In the sense of shepherds telling stories *before* night, this phrase occurs in the "Calendar" four times, and in an equivalent form once more ("February," 239-40).

JOHN S. KENYON.

Butler College, Indianapolis, January 15.

GEN. WOOD AND THE HAY BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in an editorial in the *Nation* (January 4) certain statements relative to my attitude concerning the legislation commonly known as the Hay bill. The statements made are misleading.

The Quartermaster-General, for the last three years, has stated that he needed more officers to discharge properly the duties incumbent upon his Department; last year an increase of thirty officers was made partly to meet this need. In addition to the permanent officers in the Quartermaster's Department, there are a number of detailed officers whose details create vacancies which are filled by the promotion of other officers, and, consequently, in no way interfere with promotion; nor do they constitute a drain upon the line, for additional officers to take these places are provided; but, in addition to the permanent officers of the Department and the regularly detailed officers, a considerable number of officers of the line are performing duty which is, in many instances, the same as that devolving upon the permanent and detailed officers of the Department. This class of officers (the attached) is a direct draft upon the line, as the places in the line are not filled. My opinion in this matter is that, instead of reducing the number of permanent and detailed officers, as proposed in the consolidation plan, the number should remain as at present, in order that we may be able to reduce the number of attached officers, who come directly from the line and whose places are not filled, thereby further reducing the already greatly depleted force of line officers.

I also objected to that feature of the bill which provides, in effect, that the heads of the corps which it is proposed to consolidate should be retired with the grade of major-general. This seemed unwise, as these officers now have the maximum grade provided by law for their corps, and heads of other corps (Engineers', Ordnance, Medical, Judge-Advocate-General's, Signal), all equally efficient and headed by equally competent officers, are discriminated against, as they will retire as brigadier-generals.

I also feel that the head of this Supply Corps should be a detailed officer, detailed for a period of four years; otherwise, he will be a permanent officer at the head of a department or bureau which will disburse approximately three-quarters of the total expenditures incident to the army. It is easy to see how undesirable the creation of the position under conditions of permanency would be.

LEONARD WOOD.

Washington, January 10.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS AND BUSINESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conclusion in your financial article of January 11, that the effect of the Presidential election upon business and the stock market has so varied in different years that no rule can be laid down, has been reached by more than one financial writer. The following figures, however, point to a more positive conclusion.

Before me is a table of the total gross earnings from operation of the railways of the United States for each of the forty years from 1871 to 1910 inclusive, from which has been figured for each year, the percentage of gain or loss in these earnings, compared to the preceding year. These gross earnings frequently have been used by students as an indication of the activity of the business of the country, and I so use them in this letter.

If we add together the percentages of gains for thirty-two years and deduct the total of the percentages of losses for eight years and divide by the total number of years, the average yearly gain for the period is found to be 5.31 per cent. Similarly, averaging the yearly gains and losses for the ten Presidential years only, we find that the average yearly gain for those years is 4.85 per cent., or not significantly different from the general average. If, however, the Presidential years when the result of the election was sure, are separated from those when it was doubtful, and the average of each of the two groups is obtained, the result is very different; for the average gain in earnings of the five sure years is 8.12 per cent. and of the five doubtful years 0.44 per cent., or over eighteen times, as much gain in one group as in the other. The determination of which elections are sure and which doubtful is, of course, a matter as to which judgments may differ. The elections taken as sure in obtaining the above results were 1872, 1880, 1900, 1904, 1908, and those taken as doubtful, 1876, 1884, 1888, 1892, and 1896. Nineteen hundred and eight is perhaps the year about whose classification the most serious question can be raised, but if this year is taken as doubtful, instead of as sure, the average gain of the four sure years would be 12.02 per cent. and the six doubtful years would show an average loss of 0.88 per cent. Another question may be raised whether "sure" is too strong a word, but it will serve its purpose if it is taken to characterize those elections which the men with the best sources of information had reason to feel to be decidedly less doubtful than the others. Still another question is how far railway earnings are, in fact, an index of business activity in the various years.

If, however, we are willing to accept these figures, it seems a fair deduction that the sure Presidential election has very little effect, but that in the Presidential years when the campaign is doubtful, the effect of the election is very marked. Inasmuch as all the sure elections have been won by the Republicans, who, so far as the tariff, money, and other business questions are concerned, have been the conservative party during the past forty years, it may fairly be contended that the sure years were good for business, not merely because they were sure, but because the conservative party was expected to win. If this is true, a Presidential year when the election of a radical candidate was sure, might prove very detrimental to business.

JOHN WELLS MORSS.

Boston, January 18.

MR. PENNELL AND MR. GREAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There have been sent me numerous copies of a pamphlet issued by a London picture dealer and entitled a "Reply to an Attack." This pamphlet, I imagine, will be issued in New York in connection with a show of pictures which I understand is to open to-morrow. The object of the dealer turned author or compiler is evidently to injure me incidentally, but specially to advertise a much advertised person and his wares.

But, in order to prove me guilty, he makes me responsible—head lines and all—for a cabled interview which I never saw until it was sent me in print, and which contains statements I repudiate.

Secondly, he charges me with writing an article in your columns which I did not write (as you know), did not inspire, and did not read until the *Nation* reached me by post.

Thirdly, he quotes conversations at which he was not present, making me say exactly what he wishes, no matter how ridiculous to

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any one but himself—in one case completely proving his point against me—concerning a matter I never discussed. It is in this fashion this terrible indictment has been manufactured against me. It is but another example of British incorruptible honesty and the influence of education and expert knowledge on the lower middle classes.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

London, January 10.

[The article in question, "Whistler and Greaves," signed "N. N.," was printed in the *Nation* of June 8, 1911. It was reprinted in London with our permission. But it was not written by Mr. Pennell, and we had no intimation that it was to be ascribed to him.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE EARLIEST LIFE OF MILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," Volume VII, in a recent number of the *Nation* (October 19, 1911), while mentioning important omissions from the bibliography of Milton, itself omits the anonymous so-called "Earliest Life of Milton." No contemporary account of Milton is more important than this. It was discovered in 1889 among the papers of Anthony Wood, to whom it furnished most of the material for his "Life of Milton." It was first edited in the *English Historical Review* for January, 1902, whence it has been reprinted. It is perhaps most accessible in Miss Lockwood's admirable edition, recently issued, of three tracts of Milton, together with three of the earliest accounts of his life.

CHARLES G. OSGOOD.

Princeton University, January 20.

Literature

EARLY MYTHS.

The Golden Bough. Part III: The Dying God. Part IV: Adonis Attis Osiris. By J. G. Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 each.

The third edition of "The Golden Bough," now in course of publication, bears fresh witness to the author's indefatigable industry. The first edition (1890) consisted of two volumes, the second edition (1900) of three volumes, and the third edition, further enlarged, is to consist of six parts, with the following titles: "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings" (two volumes); "Taboo and the Perils of the Soul" (one volume); "The Dying God" (one volume); "Adonis Attis Osiris" (one volume); "The Man of Sorrows"; "Balder the Beautiful"; the last two are now in preparation. The "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship" (1905) are made up, the author states, of extracts from his earlier works, and the related "Psyche's Task" (1909) is a collection of facts going to show that out of crude savage beliefs and practices there has come good for government and private life. The parts of the new edition follow in a general way the order of topics in the first and second editions. It is unnecessary to speak of Dr. Frazer's amazing erudition, it is known to all the world; his footnotes constitute an extensive bibliography of the subjects he treats. And with all his statistical minuteness he is master of a delightful style—he enlivens his lists of details with well-told incidents, artistically conceived descriptions of scenery, and portrayal of lifelike mythical personages, and occasionally makes excursions into the field of reflection on human life and hopes. His main purpose in his encyclopædic series of volumes is to describe and explain the part played in religious ritual and creeds by the idea of the death of some divine being.

In "The Dying God" he answers the question, Why put a man-god or human representative of deity to a violent death? The motive, he replies, for slaying a man-god is fear lest with the enfeeblement of his body in sickness or old age his sacred spirit should suffer a corresponding decay that might imperil the general course of nature, and with it the existence of his worshippers, who believe the cosmic energies to be mysteriously knit up with those of their human divinity. In support of this view he cites a considerable number of cases, among modern savage and half-civilized peoples, in which kings are or were put to death when their strength failed, and ancient and modern cases of the limitation of the royal tenures of office; and he adds a chapter on the killing of the tree-spirit, a custom that he supposes to be in support of his theory. We are here in a region in which exact information concerning motives of action is lacking; but when the procedures cited by Frazer are examined, it appears that most of them may be satisfactorily explained as having arisen from political caution or from individual ambition. Desire for power is a common human weakness, and to satisfy this desire it sometimes becomes necessary for an aspirant to oust an incumbent of an office. In our own times there are not lacking communities in which revolutions are customary, a successful revolter becoming the head of the government, only in his turn to be ejected by a rival. Savages are not without ambition, and there are examples of changes of governments brought about by chiefs tired of being subordinates; in civilized times succession in the Eastern califate was frequently determined in the same way. But in savage tribes it has been not only individual ambition that has brought about changes in political headship. A chief as a rule held his position by virtue of his capacity for leadership, and might be deposed by the popular voice when he proved to be unworthy. When the kingship was established it was equally necessary that the king should be capable, and it was not unnatural that he should be set aside when he became weak through sickness or from some other cause. Fear of such failure on his part might lead to the establishment of a rule that he should reign for a limited number of years. As to the manner of his taking off, it was quite in accordance with savage custom that he should be put to death by regularly appointed persons or by any aspirant to headship, or should be forced to commit suicide. All this is simply a form of civil government. The old belief in the sacredness of rulers colored the attitude of early tribes towards their kings without essentially modifying their political system—semi-divine kings (and magicians), who control weather and crops, must retire when their strength fails. This general explanation may apply to the procedure of the Shilluk (a people living on the White Nile) whose treatment of their king offers a striking parallel to the killing of the priest of Nemi, the "king of the wood"—in both cases an aspirant lurks about the king's abode to fight and slay him, and the king, if he encounter his enemy, must defend himself in single combat. In this custom, and in others referred to above, there are details that are not intelligible to us—their history goes back to an unrecorded past. But what we know of them seems not to justify Frazer's large generalization—it does not appear that the later conception of the death of a man-god, prominent in some religious rituals, arises from the identification of the king (or the magician) with a god, who dies in the person of his human representative in order that the performance of his functions as preserver of the people may not be imperilled by his physical or mental weakness.

The view that certain rituals go back to early ceremonies celebrating the decay and revival of plant-life has been made familiar by the writings of Mannhardt, Frazer, and others, and is now widely adopted. It is the theory that best accounts for the details of the cults of Adonis and some other deities (and for the cults of "mother-goddesses" also) as these details have come down to us. Such deities usually become preëminent, and when they are identified with heavenly bodies (in later constructions, Osiris, for example, is sometimes the sun, sometimes the moon), this is a natural result of the disposition to connect them with great natural objects or great nature-gods. The characterization of a deity as patron of vegetation does not, however, necessarily involve the hypothesis that he is a development of an old corn-spirit; he may be an independent clan-god who had originally oversight of all things or in the course of time absorbed the functions of the corn-spirit. In the "Adonis Attis Osiris" Frazer describes at length the cults of

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these deities, and adds chapters on sacred men and women (he holds to the religious origin of sacred prostitution in Western Asia), Oriental religions in the West, the calendar of the Egyptian farmer, the doctrine of lunar sympathy, and mother-kin and mother-goddesses. Much doubtful or irrelevant matter is contained in the chapters on the burning of various gods and demigods and on "volcanic religion." Elsewhere also in the two volumes under consideration there are citations of authorities that do not prove the points at issue, and deductions not warranted by the facts adduced; examples are the ascription of divinity to Hebrew kings and identification of them with the gods they worshipped ("Adonis Attis Osiris," p. 16 ff), the identification of Egyptian kings with the dead Osiris at the Sed festival (*ibid.*, chapter x), and the hypothesis of the transference of the soul of a slain divinity to his successor ("The Dying God," p. 198 ff). In so large a subject there must be differences of opinion, and a reviewer can only state his own views. But, whatever objections to Dr. Frazer's theories may be felt, there can be no doubt that the large collection of materials in the "Golden Bough," the author's wide sympathy with forms in which men have expressed their attitude towards the supernatural Powers, and his candid spirit entitle him to the gratitude of all students of the history of religion.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Country Lawyer. By Henry A. Shute. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Take liberal quantities of the "Old Homestead," inject a gun-play episode from Wild West melodrama, with a bad man and a bar and a sheriff and a coroner's jury, add a horse-trade in the style of David Harum, a fight transplanted from "Tom Brown at Rugby" and a barn fire from anywhere, with the panic-stricken horses bent on rushing back into the flames. Then slip in an anti-race-track campaign, adapted from that which has written Ichabod upon the hoardings about the once populous fields at Sheepshead Bay and Saratoga and Belmont Park. Next toss in a bit of New York clubdom and fashion taken from the engaging fiction with which young authors from the Middle West enliven the fifteen-cent magazines; borrow also from the penny dreadfuls their horrid tale of an upright young man trapped in a lonely house by the lure of a lying letter from a dark, wickedly beautiful woman. After that mix in a few court-room scenes and sprinkle with legal terms.

All this done, you have still before you only a part of the astounding collection of odds and ends from a story-reader's memory which make up the scenery and the substance of Mr. Shute's latest book. Now introduce into this medley a hero made in the manner of David Graham Phillips, but modified by a Yale training in athletics, a very young heroine borrowed from the gallery of romance of a bygone generation, a great number of rural "characters," and you have completed the makings of the story.

Behind it all is an idea of the old-fashioned lawyer and a loving memory of an old-fashioned life in New England. Through it runs a moral as plain and often as didactically set forth as those of Maria Edgeworth herself. Most readers will prefer Mr. Shute when he writes about boys.

The Centaur. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Not long ago, Mr. Blackwood bestowed much skill in the "word carver's" art upon a perversion of an idea borrowed from "Alice in Wonderland." The book (he called it "The Education of Uncle Paul") was full of beautiful things wrought cunningly out of lovely and quaint fancies. One of them was "the Crack between Yesterday and Tomorrow," through which one slipped between the sixth and seventh stroke of midnight into a timeless land of all lost things. The guide who showed the way thither was a little girl and that strange remote beast, the Cat, kept one company, none being wiser in the mysteries of the unseen. Perhaps the Cat came out of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"—but that is a detail. All the beauty of the thing was tainted, because, as you go along with the vision, your child guide turns into something quite different—just as the lovely false ladies in the "Faerie Queen" used to turn to creatures loathsome and venomous. The difference is that here is an artful pretence that the change is not for evil. Yet the little girl has become a soul-mate to an elderly uncle! In his new story, also, Mr. Blackwood may plead the excuse of curious excellence in carving. He has been able to produce quite singular hypnotic effects upon the imagination with his grotesque fancy that strong moods of the great Mother Earth linger fantastically embodied from an elder age of nature and innocence. He almost makes you believe that imprisoned in the flesh of a half-mad Irish war-correspondent and scribbler or in that of a wholly mad wordless Russian peasant may lurk the soul of a centaur; that by dint of cutting the ties that bind them to the silly routine of a piddling generation they may get "back to nature"; and that they actually do put off civilized manhood for a four-footed freedom, with tossing manes and swift hoofs spurning the green turf of gardens of delight in the highest Caucasus. Upon the development of this preposterous fancy the author has lavished immense pains. Obviously, however, the taint of decadency is present here, too. For the man sinks into the slough of his mad vision just as he might into the drink or the drug habit. And the effect upon the reader is very much the same as if he likewise were drugged.

The Third Miss Wenderby. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Many times has been said or sung the story of the *enfant terrible* who develops into the minx and thence into the enslaver of men, women, and children. Here is another biography of this popular, one may say populous, dame, yet the author has succeeded in infusing no small amount of liveliness and freshness into the old subject. Rather original material are Diana's childish experience of religion, her out-of-door exploits with her boy companion whom she finds indispensable, but tramples on; her adventures of escape from the thraldom of boarding-school. It is when she settles down into nursery-governesshood that the track grows more beaten and correspondingly commonplace. Diana's capers sit less becomingly on a woman than on a child. Yet she remains a fairly lovable sort of person and has the sense to throw over the wrong lover and smile upon the right one. Pranks are the author's true field. There she dashes about in unconfined joy. With the approach of the conformities comes a slight sense of harness.

CHINA.

Eighteen Capitals of China. By William Edgar Geil. With 139 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

Mr. Geil's third book on China marks some improvement upon its predecessors. He has conceived an excellent idea in visiting and describing, in turn, the capitals of each of the eighteen provinces of China proper, and in no way, perhaps, could a better off-hand impression be obtained of the diversity in climate and conditions to be found in the Empire. The Chinese, like ourselves, are both a northern and a southern race, exhibiting marked divergences in details from a common race type, while their social and intellectual life centres more definitely than ours in their headquarters of administration. The necessity, in the old days, of repairing to them for those literary examinations which entitled the successful aspirant to hopes of office has always been attended by a necessity equally imperative for the passmen to live in close contact with officials in order to procure places among the officeholders. This process has brought about a similar concentration of scholars and men of means, who, generally speaking, are men of the same class. In a country possessing no easy means of communication or travel the

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inevitable gravitation of like to like in human society has brought to its various capitals the best products of its culture.

The author of this ornamental volume has developed his plan of depicting each of these seats of power and learning in the same rather scrappy fashion in which he rendered his account of a journey taken four years ago along the Great Wall. With no knowledge of the language and no sufficient background of historical or scientific training, he has been compelled to rely both for facts and conclusions upon the information imparted by foreign residents in the places he visited, or upon such translations of the abundant native literature on them as could be begged or borrowed. The result is a collection of excerpts and jottings, rather superior in interest to the assortment of items he collected about the Great Wall and the Yangtse River, presumably because he met in his later journey more Europeans who could inform him, but still disappointing in its promise of being a material contribution to our knowledge of China past and present. The scrap-book aspect of the volume is emphasized by Chinese proverbs placed at the head of every page, which, whatever their intrinsic merit, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case. Dr. Martin, in a kindly introduction to this volume, compares the author to "the blind Huber of Geneva, who made himself an authority on bees"; but he has had to depend rather upon the minds than the eyes of others, which is a different matter. Moreover, serious students of China in the twentieth century will demur at having their subject relegated to the empirical status of the science of natural history in the eighteenth.

Mr. Geil is at his best in the remoter capitals, about which the outside world as yet knows very little. The two adjoining provinces of Kwang-si and Kwei-chow are to-day not only the least visited of any region of the Empire, but they contain, together with the whole south-western corner of China proper, many descendants of the aborigines of the country. The account to be obtained of them from this narrative is sketchy in the extreme, but it suggests possibilities of fruitful results from investigations by any trained student who cares to travel and study there in association with the missionaries who are conducting a successful work in elevating a neglected people. Some suggestive similarities are to be found between their customs, as described here in quotations from a Chinese local history, and those of inhabitants of the Great Archipelago, of which Mr. Geil seems to be unaware. Child marriage and the marriage-market, or dance, as shown here, are more or less common in primitive societies, but the following account, quoted from a Chinese author, reveals an identity with an ancient method of dyeing practiced in Java too specific to be accidental:

> For the dress material of the women they pour wax, cut out like flowers, then pour on dye, scratch off the wax, and the flowers become manifested! This scheme is used to make the adornments for their dresses in addition to the cotton embroidery placed on their sleeves. Hence the name Flowery Miao. For the dress of the men they tear down cloth in strips which are spun into rugs. . . . The men wear on their heads black turbans, and the women insert horse-hair into their own and make them so bushy that a single head resembles a magpie's nest.

Two features will strike the ordinary reader of this book with surprise; they are the safety and ease of travel on all the main routes in China and the extraordinary variety and beauty of much of its scenery. When we reflect that less than a score of years ago much of the country over which Mr. Geil travelled alone with his servant was unknown and inaccessible to a white man, and that anti-foreign outbreaks were then occurring in every province, the change that has come over the minds of the common Chinese is vividly realized. At present, if one is willing to endure dirt and delays with cheerfulness, there seems to be no place where one may not penetrate, though the ease of approach does not, of course, mean absence of personal hardship in surmounting the difficulties of bad roads, execrable lodgings, and a wonderful vivacity on the part of prying natives and of insects of prey. As to scenery, the Western world, which has long conceived of China as a vast plain behind a muddy coast, will be amazed to learn that in above a million square miles of hills and mountains it presents every aspect of splendid and romantic beauty or abundant culture, from the arid ranges south of Mongolia to the tropical luxuriance of rainy Yunnan. Mr. Geil's account of the country, despite some shortcomings, reflects the mind of a hardy and appreciative observer in warm sympathy with the best there is in a people who are now thoroughly resolved to depart from their ancient ways and regain their prestige in the world. The awakening, he thinks, means first and foremost a determination to secure their land from foreign aggression. The arts and industries of Christendom may be assumed later. "Arsenals," he says, "are in evidence at every great centre; cannon and all other munitions of war are being made within the Empire. This is not the case at one town merely or at two, but at every capital—and we deal here only with capitals, where the pulse of the nation is easily felt. The whole Empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare. The fact stands; let who will interpret it."

The Last Stuart Queen: Louise, Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By Herbert M. Vaughan, F.S.A. New York: Brentano's. $4 net.

Louise of Stolberg-Gedern, as wife and widow of Charles-Edward Stuart, possessed only a phantom queenship, which brought her little more than jealousy and cruelty while her husband lived. After his death, content with the name of Countess of Albany, she seldom pressed her claims to recognition as a sovereign, but within her household she quietly cherished the signs and honors of royalty. The royal arms appeared upon her seal and upon her plate, her servants addressed her as "Majesty," and Mme. de Staël and others of her friends wrote to her as "chère souveraine." She is less known, however, for her English queenship than as the companion of the Italian poet Alfieri in a happy intimacy of nearly thirty years. Except in the shadowed romance of its beginning, the course of their love ran too smoothly to concern the outside world: it is really only after the death of Alfieri that the Countess becomes a figure of individual interest. In the years from 1804 to 1820 her *salon* in the Casa Alfieri on the Lung' Arno was the social centre of the literary life of Florence. For Sismondi and Foscolo the Countess had a long-continued and affectionate interest, fully returned by the two young writers. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Morghen, Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Everett were among her foreign visitors. The distinction of her own conversation consisted in its placid common-sense, the result of rich experience and of wide reading. According to Sismondi, she possessed in singular degree the ability to draw forth the powers of her guests.

Mr. Vaughan's biography of the woman in whom so many interests thus centre is a careful piece of work. He has used the best published studies dealing with the Countess, has found many interesting references to her in out-of-the-way sources, and has consulted the several collections of her unpublished letters. He treats in fullest detail the first two periods of her life, slighting, in the proportion of his work, the years when she was "Queen of Florence." Yet it was only then that her life was really social: her long devotion to Alfieri had limited her interests even more strictly than the early pretensions of her husband. It was only then, moreover, that her mind reached its full maturity. The letters of her earlier years are slight and insipid, while her correspondence with Sismondi and Foscolo is well worth reading. Mr. Vaughan translates many of her letters in the body of his work, and prints in

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an appendix seven French and Italian letters hitherto unpublished. His judgment of the character of the Countess is discriminating and impartial: quite without idealism, and not unwilling, in certain serious matters, to stoop to hypocrisy to gain her ends, she was yet unselfish and loyal both in her love for Alfieri and in her relations with her many friends. Mr. Vaughan's treatment of Alfieri, on the other hand, is unsatisfactory. Very little is said of Alfieri's poetic activity, yet the Countess was no less concerned than was the poet himself for his immediate success and his enduring fame. In his definition of Alfieri's moral personality Mr. Vaughan is narrow and, in our opinion, unwarrantably severe.

An American Railroad Builder, John Murray Forbes. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This concise and attractively written biography deals with an interesting personality already familiar to many through the publication in 1899 of Forbes's "Letters and Recollections." Born in 1813 into a cultured Boston family, whose business associations were with the Oriental trade, he had the advantage of the best educational training then obtainable, and a unique opportunity to develop his powers in commercial matters. At the age of twenty-four he had completed a three years' resident partnership in Canton, China, as a member of the firm of Russell & Co., and was back in Boston as the American representative of the house, with a comfortable fortune, valuable financial associations, and an undiminished store of energy and vitality.

From his manifold activities the biographer selects for primary consideration in this volume the part played by Forbes during the construction era of American railways. Michigan in its enthusiasm over the possibilities of the new form of transportation, had undertaken projects under State ownership far beyond its financial ability, and in 1845 the railways were for sale at attractive bargains to those who had courage to push the projects and sufficient capital and confidence to await results. It was the kind of problem which attracted men of Forbes's type, and his interest was quickly aroused. He assumed the burden of financing the purchase of the Michigan Central, then a dilapidated railway property one hundred and forty-five miles long, extending from Detroit to Kalamazoo, with strap-iron track, in many cases worn out or broken, four passenger "depots," and $68,000 worth of rolling stock, including a twelve-ton locomotive. Forbes became its first president as the only means of procuring the necessary capital. During his nine years' presidency the Michigan Central was completed to Chicago, notwithstanding the bitter competition of the Michigan Southern. Eastern connections were established at Detroit, and the property was put upon a productive basis. In 1855 he withdrew from active association with the road, retaining his directorship, but was quickly called back from retirement in 1857 to use his invaluable financial connections in warding off threatened bankruptcy.

With large vision, he saw the possibilities of the new West, and was one of the early advocates of transcontinental railways. After the Civil War he became associated with the Burlington property, for three years as president, during a period when the allurements of the construction-company device had proved too tempting to a majority of the board of directors, many of them Boston business associates. It was the indignant determination with which Forbes in this instance drove out the rascals, the scrupulousness with which he always refused to place himself in the position of both buyer and seller of railway supplies, the manner in which he insisted upon the fundamental principles of common honesty, which make his figure tower so high above the mass of his associates. Because of these characteristics his efforts to obtain capital for his projects never failed. Moreover, it is remarkable that in the period before the appearance of problems arising out of unreasonable rates and unfair discriminations, he should have recognized so fully the force of public opinion and the public nature of the railway industry.

One chapter is given to his public service, a service of patriotic devotion with no thought of reward in the way of office-holding. It includes four years of intense activity during the Civil War, with a mission to England, and continuous correspondence and publicity work. He belonged to that determined group that would put the war through to the very end, and that protested "against crying 'Peace' when there is no peace." After the war he stood for negro suffrage maintained by military power. He helped in founding the *Nation*, fought vigorously against the greenback policy of the war, opposed ship subsidies, combated the machine element in his party, and withdrew his support when Blaine was nominated. His life was a self-effacing unwearied struggle to maintain his standard of citizenship, and he well deserved Emerson's comment upon him:

> How little this man suspects, with his sympathy for men and his respect for lettered and scientific people, that he is not likely in any company to meet a man superior to himself. And I think this is a good country that can bear such a creature as he is.

Copts and Moslems under British Control: A Collection of Facts and a Résumé of Authoritative Opinions on the Coptic Question. By Kyriakos Mikhail. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

It is so obvious that the English occupation has been to the advantage of Egypt, that we are apt to lump things in a general statement. There is little doubt that the administration of Lord Cromer was successful because of his personal qualities and ability; but no one acquainted with the facts will characterize that of Sir Eldon Gorst in the same way. Many of the results of the earlier régime were sacrificed to a false sentiment during the later. It now remains for Lord Kitchener to repair the damage that has been done and, after putting affairs back where they once were, to make improvements of his own. It is to his "impartiality," vouched for by Sir Edward Grey, that the Egyptian minority is looking with expectation and hope.

The traveller on the Nile sees multitudes of brown men, natives, and they all look alike to him. But they are not alike by any means. There are two religions represented, and in the East "religion" is the synonym of "nationality." These people are to be counted as two in spite of the sects into which they are divided. Except for the fez there is no obvious sign by which the lay eye can instinctively distinguish between a Copt and a Mohammedan. But the two are distinct. The Copt is the lineal descendant of his Egyptian ancestor, and he is in the minority; the Mohammedan is an importation, an alien, and he is in the majority. But they are living side by side, with common needs of education and desiring equality of individual opportunity. For some reason the English have not seen fit to adopt the American plan of secular education divorced from religious instruction, but have attempted to combine the two. The result has been that in almost every case the children of Moslems have been taught from their sacred book, the Koran, while the Christian Copts have been shut out from the benefits that should have come to them in the proportion of their taxation. That they here have a grievance is beyond question, but the remedy which they desire is one that should not be granted to them, and the advantage given to the Moslem in the matter of religious education is one that should be withdrawn.

This is only one of the complaints voiced by the Coptic Congress held in Assiut in Egypt last March, and now set forth in detail in a volume published by the Coptic Agent in London. The other matters relate to entry into the civil service in positions higher than clerkships in cases of proved capacity and merit; political promotion as a reward of ability; the open door in connection with all administrative positions; a

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system of minority representation on local councils, patterned after the Belgian; and such a recognition of their religion as shall enable them to observe its rules in regard to the Sunday-Sabbath.

Over against the petition of the Copts was a series of propositions set forth by the Moslem Congress on May 3 following: that the religion of Egypt must be the Mohammedan; that Coptic demands cannot be entertained; that the teaching of Christianity in the Government schools must be abandoned; and that the elementary schools must remain Islamic in spite of Coptic taxation for their support.

This indicates the problems facing the Egyptian administration. It seems strange to an American that they exist in connection with religion and education, and his obvious solution would be the adoption of the American plan of independence between state and creed for the one, and secularization for the other. The day-of-rest problem is more involved in a way, but business considerations enter here, and the practice of banks and public offices generally favor the Coptic position. The question of the civil service and its reform is one in which Americans have had some sad experiences, but seldom any more flagrant than that alleged against the British agent and his underlings, in which "a recent examination for nine posts in the Sanitary Department was cancelled as soon as it was found that nine Copts were at the head of the list." This would be worthy of Tammany at its palmiest!

The contrast between the Coptic "demands" and the Moslem pronunciamento does not need extended remark or detailed comment. What Egypt needs is an impartial hand, not one that shall shower partial favors upon the Moslems, even though they be in the majority.

The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III, M. Pietri, and Comte de la Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period. By Edward Legge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Last year Mr. Legge brought out a book on the Empress Eugénie since 1870. His present volume is a rather tantalizing blend of gossip and history relating chiefly to the last decade of the Second Empire. A similar story of gaiety and extravagance and superficial splendor was told long ago by a Hebrew named Daniel, only his hero's name was not Napoleon III, but Belshazzar. Mr. Legge describes the life of the Imperial court with the zest of a glorified society reporter: and yet the historian cannot afford to overlook the clues he offers to many of the individuals who helped to make the Second Empire what it was.

In general, his book, like several others that have appeared in the past ten years, tends to create a mythical Napoleon III, hardly more lifelike than the earlier misconception. Hugo and Kinglake made Napoleon the Little out a Borgia in 18mo; Legge pictures him as an unselfish, benevolent despot, who might have been a William of Orange had circumstances permitted. He was neither. But it is well that all that is favorable should be emphasized, in order that those who will may judge him intelligently.

Intrinsically, the most important historical material furnished by Mr. Legge refers to the war of 1870. He prints many telegrams that passed between Eugénie and Napoleon during the terrible month of August. If further evidence shall confirm him, posterity will perforce conclude that the Empress played an heroic rôle as regent, and was worthy to be placed beside Maria Theresa. The ministers and courtiers on whom she had a right to rely lost their pluck and their head, but she did not. Besides these documents, Mr. Legge gives others referring to the Emperor's exile, to his attempt to interest Bismarck in a Bonapartist restoration, and to his pain-harried last days. Did Napoleon rouge at Sedan? Is Dr. Evans's account of the Empress's escape from Paris correct? To these and many other minor questions Mr. Legge has answers. He is not an historian; he writes a slip-shod style; he is, rather, a discursive story-teller, who can both entertain the general reader and supply the discerning historical student with many pertinent suggestions.

Notes

Putnams are bringing out "Woodrow Wilson and New Jersey Made Over," of which Miss Hester E. Hosford is the author.

An authorized translation of the Infanta Eulalia's book, "The Thread of Life," will be issued shortly by Duffield & Co.

Several volumes of fiction will be published in the near future by Little, Brown & Co., among them: "The Saintsbury Affair," a mystery story by Roman Doubleday; "Young Beck," by Judge McDonnell Bodkin; "Lonesome Land," by B. M. Bower, and "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance.

Jack London's collection of short stories, entitled "A Son of the Sun," is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Russian People," by Maurice Baring, which has already appeared in England, will be brought out in this country by George H. Doran Co.

"A Knight in Denim" is the title of a new novel by Ramsey Benson, announced by Scribners.

Freytag's "Das Nest der Zaunkönige" has been edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. E. C. Roedder; it is in the press of D. C. Heath.

New books promised for this month by L. C. Page & Co. include: "Three Wonderlands of the American West," a volume describing the Grand Cañon, Yellowstone Park, and the valley of the Yosemite, by Thomas D. Murphy; "Chile and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Rayton: a Backwoods Mystery," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

"The Life of George Borrow," compiled from unpublished official documents, his works, correspondence, etc., is announced by John Murray of London; the author is Herbert Jenkins.

Houghton Mifflin Co.'s announcement of new books to be published this spring includes, in fiction: "A Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson; "The Wrong Woman," by Charles D. Stewart; "Christopher," by Richard Pryce; "The Heart of Us," by T. Russell Sullivan; "Lost Farm Camp," by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "The Plain Path," by Frances Newton Symmes Allen; "Alexander's Bridge," by Willa S. Cather; "Tales of a Greek Island," by Julia D. Dragoumis; "Polly of the Hospital Staff," by Emma C. Dowd; "The Luck of Rathcoole," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, and "High Bradford," by Mary Rogers Bangs.—Outdoor Adventure, and Nature Books: "The Last Cruise of the Saginaw," by George H. Read; "The Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge; "The Important Timber Trees of the United States," by S. B. Elliott; "Content in a Garden," by Candace Wheeler; "Winter"; "The Spring of the Year," both by Dallas Lore Sharp, and "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana, jr., which contains the new supplementary matter of the recent holiday edition. — Biography: "Lee the American," by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; "The Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth," by J. N. Larned; "The Story of Christopher Columbus," by Charles W. Moores; "Walt Whitman," by Bliss Perry; "James Russell Lowell," by Ferris Greenslet, and "Sidney Lanier," by Edward Mims, the last three in the American Men of Letters Series.—Economics: "The Factory," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "Socialism and Character," by Vida D. Scudder; "Freight Classification," by J. F. Strombeck, and "The Home-Made Kindergarten," by Nora Archibald Smith.—Religion: "The Adventure of Life," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "Kant and Spencer," by Borden Parker Bowne; "Egyptian Conceptions of Immortality," by George A. Reisner, and "The Religion Worth Having," by Thomas N. Carver.—Poetry: "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," by Grace Fallow Norton; "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems," by Robert Haven Schauffler, and "The White Hills in Poetry," by Eugene L. Musgrove, an anthology of the White Mountains, with introduction by Dr. Samuel M. Crothers.—Miscellaneous: "The History of Plymouth Plantation," by William Bradford, edited by Worthington C. Ford, 2 vols.; "Secession in California, and the Man Who Defeated It," by Elijah R. Kennedy; "Copyright: Its History and Law," by R. R. Bowker; "The Classical Psychologists," edited by Benjamin Rand; "Greek Lands and Letters," by Francis G. and Annie C. E. Allinson, new edition; "The Satchel Guide for 1912," by W. J. Rolfe; "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin; "Essentials of Poetry," by William Allan Neilson; "Nietzsche," by Paul Elmer More; "Miss John Bull," by Yoshio Markino; "Henry Ibsen, the Prophet of the

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Present," by Otto Heller; "The Rolling Earth: Outdoor Thoughts and Scenes from the Writings of Walt Whitman," selected by Waldo Browne, with an introduction by John Burroughs, and "Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects," edited by Herbert W. Smyth.

Two first editions of "Paradise Lost" are included in the library of the late Dr. Joseph F. Payne, a portion of which will be sold the end of this month at Sotheby's.

Two Fellows on the Kahn Foundation for the Foreign Travel of American Teachers will be appointed for one year beginning July 1, 1912; the stipend is $3,000, with an additional $300 for the purchase of books, souvenirs, photographs, etc. Applications for appointment should be made on a formal blank, which may be obtained from the secretary of the Foundation, Sub-station 84, New York city, and should be filed by March 1.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of $500 for the year 1912-1913, which is available for study at an American or European university. Applications, made on proper forms, should be in the hands of the chairman of the Committee on Award—Dr. Mary Sherwood, The Arundel—before March 30.

British Central Africa, now the Nyasaland Protectorate, is described by a former Governor, Sir Alfred Sharpe, in the *Geographical Journal* for January. He dwells especially on its economic development which has been so great that it is now virtually self-supporting. This is largely due to the cotton plantations, on which has been raised, by a careful and long process of seed selection on the Government agricultural stations, "the highest priced upland cotton in the world." To encourage the native cotton-planting industry there is a free distribution of seed, with a remission of half the hut tax to all natives who pay their tax in cotton. Falls near the capital, Zomba, are used for producing power. There are many excellent roads but the great need is better facilities for the transportation to the seacoast. An account of a trip around the Dead Sea by motor boat is given by J. E. Spafford of Jerusalem, with beautiful photographic illustrations. In the course of it the magnificent gorge of the river Arnon was explored. Its side cliffs "rise perpendicularly about 300 feet and are only about 20 feet apart, here overhanging, there overlapping, or dovetailing into one another."

Youths who have pored over "Treasure Island" or shuddered with delight at the atrocious deeds of Blackbeard and Captain Kidd will find entertainment in "The Book of Buried Treasure," by Ralph D. Paine (Sturgis & Walton). Captain Kidd in particular is dealt with in full. "His name reddened with crimes he never committed and made wildly romantic by tales of treasure he did not bury," he is, declares the author, fairly entitled to sympathy. The record, consisting of the original documents, some presented for the first time, shows that he was indeed "unfairly dealt with by his patrons, misused by his rascally crew, and slandered by credulous posterity." The other chapters, with such alluring titles as The Wondrous Fortune of William Phipps, The Bold Sea Rogue, John Quelch, are equally interesting but less carefully prepared. For example, an account of treasure on Oak Island is given with the same credulity which the author elsewhere gently satirizes. In reality there never was any treasure there—what was considered a cement floor was pronounced by experts at Columbia University to be natural limestone, and the rock on which eager eyes read a direction to fabulous wealth a few feet below proved to be only a piece of water-marked basalt. Mr. Paine's breezy style, however, carries the reader to the final chapter, Practical Hints for Treasure Seekers, which is provided particularly for "parents of small boys who have designs on pirate hoards."

"The Cavalier Poets," by Prof. Carl Holliday (Neale Publishing Company), is a good companionable volume, appropriately dedicated to the daintiest of the modern cavalier singers, Mr. Austin Dobson, and designated for the general reader. To lovers of poetry in that fortunate category, it recommends itself by offering, at the same time, somewhat extended sketches and appreciations of the poets and a choice anthology. In the first half of the book, Professor Holliday portrays with warmth of sympathy and effective touches of color, though not always with the finest discrimination, the characters of Herrick, Quarles, Herbert, Carew, Waller, Suckling, Crashaw, Lovelace, and Cowley. In the second half, he presents the familiar but ever delightful lyrics of a score of the minor choir of the seventeenth century. It is to be regretted that the general reader has so often to content himself, as here, with hasty proof-reading, and a provokingly incomplete and perfunctory list of texts and reference books.

William Valentine Kelley's "Down the Road" (Eaton & Mains) does not get very far. It is meant for those people who do not supinely indulge in the sybaritic luxury of thinking for themselves, but who resolutely entrust their souls to some forthright, authoritative adviser. This venturesome throng should welcome these essays on Nature, Life, Literature, and Religion, for the only subject that is really discussed is morality, or sometimes the more piquant one of immorality. Whether the subject be Walt Whitman, "that most blatant and bombastic of egotists," or "Parsifal," that most blasphemous farrago of nonsensical nebulosity, or Oscar Wilde, that "preposterous megalomaniac, suffering from a tympanitic tumefaction of the organ of self-esteem," the reader is everywhere made to feel that there is "no higher court to which appeal can be taken for a work of art or any other work which reason and morals condemn." These delicately suggested judgments are embalmed in a style notable for fluent inexactness of phrasing and touched with that graceful humor so frequently developed by long years passed in the amenities of theological wrangling.

The latest in Clifton Johnson's American Highways and Byways series (Macmillan) is a volume on "The Great Lakes" region, beginning with the valley of the Genesee and the Erie Canal, and closing with chapters on the Rock River valley of Illinois, and the site of the battle of Tippecanoe, in northern Indiana. The author's mixture of narrative, description, and conversation runs along easily, is generally entertaining, and sometimes amusing, but it does not get the reader very far onward towards a connected conception of the Great Lakes, even from the point of view of the sightseer. There has been a great deal of literature on the subject, but the field is still open to some author who can grasp the significance of this great fresh-water system in its various relations and present it to the reader in fitting form.

In "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" (Houghton Mifflin), the latterday grandmother speaks her mind about a number of things, pleasantly, but plainly. By the decisiveness of her utterance, even while she complains of having fallen from authority to ineffectual protest, and by her stout confidence in the advantages of her own present point of view, we should know her for the "spry old lady" she claims to be. And by the same token we can readily believe that under provocation she might prove "sometimes a defiant old lady," as she penitently confesses. Though full of illustrative domestic incidents, each having for its nucleus some baffled elderly desire—for the right to clean her own attic once more to her own satisfaction, for the obsolete prerogative of dandling her grandchildren *ad libitum*—what she has to say scarcely amounts to an autobiography proper. Its intention is discursive and interpretative—not in the least narrative. And yet nothing could be further from the serene impersonality of a "De Senectute." Its lively personal note engages the reader's amused attention. One learns to sympathize with the chagrins of a would-be-active old age pent amid solicitudes and affectionate anxieties. One smiles at the Yankee vein of practical philosophy that tempers natural impatience to indulgent acquiescence and robs surrender of its bitterness.

The Third Annual Report of the State Historian and Archivist of West Virginia, Virgil A. Lewis, is similar to the preceding ones, and, like them, reveals great activity in the new department. Unfortunately, it also shows that this industry is not well directed. The bulk of the report is taken up with a long discourse on the "Soldiery of West Virginia," in which the history of the war heroes is traced over a period of a hundred years. Several contemporary documents are woven into the narrative, but there is no attempt to make public all the material bearing on any phase of the subject. West Virginia history is rich in events; and, with diligent search of archives and family papers, a volume of documents on any one of the numerous episodes here lightly touched upon could have been published which would have enriched our knowledge of a territory that has proved so often the strategic position in our history.

It is not impossible that in his life of the Duchesse de Berry, entitled "A Princess of Adventure" (Scribner), the author, H. Noel Williams, may have imagined he was making a serious contribution to historical literature. There is, outwardly, all the needful scholarly apparatus—a preface with a rich bibliography, a detailed table of contents, copious footnotes, and a full index; but the result, we regret to say, is mostly twaddle. The book is permeated by a flavor of court scandal, doubtful anecdotes, sentimentality, and millinery. Madame de Berry's own "Mémoires," published by Nettement, as well as other au-

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thentic sources, have, it is true, been drawn upon liberally, but the whole bears the stamp of sensationalism, pure and simple. One or two random selections may serve as samples. This is what happened immediately after the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux:

Shortly afterwards, the King and the Royal Family arrived upon the scene. "God be praised!" cried Louis XVIII. "You have a son!" And he handed a magnificent cluster of diamonds to the mother. "That is for you, and this is for me," he added, taking the new-born child in his arms. Then, calling for the clove of garlic and the Jurançon wine, he rubbed the boy's lips with the one and moistened them with a few drops of the other. The little prince endured this ordeal without flinching.

And here are the author's reflections on the instalment of the Duchesse de Berry at the Pavillon de Marsan, after her husband's assassination:

These apartments were not entirely strange to the princess. She had slept there on the night of her triumphant entry into Paris in 1816, the eve of her marriage, at Notre Dame. Ah! how happy, how full of joyous anticipation, she had been then! How little did she imagine that in less than four years the prince whom she was to wed on the morrow would be snatched from her by one of the most terrible crimes in the blood-stained annals of French history! And all her surroundings had been in harmony with her feelings; everything had been made ready to welcome the happy bride. The apartments had been upholstered and decorated in the most cheerful of colors; choice flowers in exquisitely-carved silver bowls or porcelain vases had stood on every table; gilded mirrors had reflected her smiles, etc.

We do not think Louise Mühlbach could have improved on this. Although the heroine of his story lived until 1870, the author closes the volume with her final departure from France in June, 1833, when she "passed forever from the fierce glare of publicity into the calm shadows of private life." The publishers have wasted fine press-work and some interesting illustrations on this useless book.

Alfred Zantzinger Reed contributes a valuable study to the literature of American government, especially as it concerns the relation of the State to local subdivisions, in his monograph, "The Territorial Basis of Government Under the State Constitutions" (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law; Vol. XL, No. 3). He takes the local units within which governmental agencies and party organizations operate as the foundation of the State's structure, and studies comprehensively the effect upon them of provisions in American State Constitutions, past and present. "The two especial weaknesses of our State system of political subdivisions," he finds to be "their complexity and the manner in which they discriminate against urban centres." The first evil, the result largely of haphazard Constitution-making, he concludes, is the most difficult to remedy, but the less important. The other, which has grown with the rapid increase in the urban population, is due to the fact that "it is not in human nature for a rural clique, accustomed to deal with urban problems according to their own ideas as to what is best, to face with equanimity the prospect of urban domination." He sees a way out in the direction of a greater degree of home rule, and suggests in conclusion that "the change from a centralized government to a broad system of local charters for rural and urban territory alike would so diminish the importance of the Legislature that the precise composition of this body would, with little friction, settle itself along lines dictated by economic conditions." The author's marshalling of facts and his summary of conclusions should make the volume a valuable work of reference for those who hereafter may set themselves to the difficult task of bringing some degree of order out of the existing chaos.

"The Three Greatest Maxims of the World" (Pilgrim Press) is the title of a volume of sermons, or, as the author prefers to call them, "familiar, practical addresses to students," by the Rev. Albert Josiah Lyman of Brooklyn. It is a dangerous practice for a parish minister to depart from his usual manner of discourse and compose a deliverance for the occasion, when invited to preach before a college audience. The result is usually an academic utterance which is not at all calculated to be a means of grace to an academic gathering composed of undergraduates. Dr. Lyman, however, has avoided the usual pitfalls, and his addresses are simple, straightforward utterances of wholesome and sound moral truth. They are ethical rather than religious, and if their truth is not high, it is vigorous, clear, and fitted to real needs. The style is incisive and succinct, as of a man chiselling words on marble and wasting no strokes.

"Black and White in South East Africa" (Longmans), by Maurice S. Evans, is an exceedingly lucid statement of the arduous and intricate problem which lies before the people of South Africa in dealing with the native races. The author is admirably fitted for his task, having been for thirty-five years a resident in the land and for thirteen years a member of the Natal Legislature. He was also a member of the Natal Native Commission of 1906-7, which visited every part of the province and of Zululand to study the sociological and political conditions. His book throughout shows his deep interest in the native and his sympathy for the white man. He describes the natives in their primitive state as a "wonderfully law-abiding race" with a clear idea of what is right and wrong. Physically, he says, "a really fine Zulu is a magnificent specimen of a man." Their language is melodious and copious, and in some respects "more full and expressive than our tongue as spoken by the common people. Different classes of cattle may be described in Zulu by a single word, which would require several sentences, accompanied by a diagram in English." The author's full account of the present condition of the natives as landholders and hired laborers, after seventy years of close contact with the white man, brings out very clearly their passive power of persistence in holding to their ancestral tribal customs and traditions. It is the great obstacle to be overcome. The elevating effects of missions, education, and wise government are touched on, and much stress is laid upon the changes wrought on the European, many of them exceedingly regrettable, by his intercourse with the African. In one chapter, he treats what he terms the "sub-problem" furnished by the Asiatic and colored people, that is, the mixed race or Eurafrican.

The reconsideration of the whole scheme of native government is earnestly advocated, the segregation of the races being the keynote of the policy recommended. This could be accomplished by giving the natives large allotments of reserved land and by not permitting them to share in the government of the whites. The tribal system, "a potent factor in the past in conserving much that was good in character and life" and that is essential to the native's progress and advancement, should be strictly adhered to, his rights being cared for at the seat of government by a council for native affairs. To diminish the host of black servants who enable the white man to live a life of sloth, ease, and pleasure, he would endeavor to impress upon him the true dignity of labor. And in this connection it is interesting to note that an organization has been formed in the Transvaal, with the object of encouraging white labor. Mr. Evans has evidently made a careful study of the negro problem as it exists in this country. "I would," he says in one of his concluding paragraphs, "that some of those patriotic and far-seeing citizens of the Southern United States, who feel overwhelmed by the questions raised through the admixture of races in their own country, could visit us and study our problem in its present phase in the light of their own tragic experience." He also commends heartily the wise suggestion of Sir Matthew Nathan, a former Governor of Natal, that an international commission should be appointed to investigate the relations of black and white in the various countries in which they come in contact. But the outlook would be still brighter, he thinks, if the work of the "most influential and possibly the wisest of the negro race in the United States," Booker Washington, could be imitated in Southern Africa.

Prof. Frank Frost Abbott of Princeton University is the author of an attractive little volume on "The Common People of Ancient Rome" (Scribner). In character and purpose the chapters of this book are similar to the author's essays and sketches published a year or two ago, under the title of "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome." The opening chapter details the various channels of influence by which the Latin language spread gradually through so large a portion of the Mediterranean world and laid the foundation for the Romance languages of later centuries. Professor Abbott objects to the usual view that the victory of the Latin speech over the language of the physically victorious Germanic peoples was simply a case of the survival of the fittest, and chooses rather to find the reason in "the sentimental respect which the Germans and their leaders had for the Empire and for all its institutions." But was this sentimental respect anything but recognition of superior fitness in those elements of the Roman civilization which called it forth? The two chapters next in succession deal with the Latin of the Common People and the Poetry of the Common People, both in a scholarly manner and yet intelligible to the reader who has not himself mastered Latin. The linguistic and literary portion of the volume ends with an inconclusive attempt to account for Petronius, or, otherwise, to trace the origin of the realistic romance among the Romans. Of the remaining chapters the most in-

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teresting are an account of Diocletian's attempt to reduce the cost of living by fixing a table of maximum prices, in the year 301 A. D., and a chapter on Corporations and Trades-Guilds. The chapter on private benefactions is rather extreme in its unqualified statement that "under the old régime [before the influence of Christianity] charity was unknown." There were human hearts among the Romans, and where human hearts are there charity is never wholly wanting.

Science

The Sun. By Charles G. Abbot. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The eminent Padre Secchi, more than a third of a century ago, was the first to devote an entire treatise to the sun. His book was followed by the popular works of Proctor, Young, and Ball. Now we have Pringsheim's scholarly "Vorlesungen," and the present work by Abbot, which relates acceptably the Smithsonian researches and all the recent discoveries at the Yerkes and Mount Wilson Observatories, with many novel explanatory hypotheses and an array of facts that may prove of interest to geologist and botanist, meteorologist and engineer. While Young's book was wholly satisfactory twenty years ago, the unparalleled advance in solar research, even since his lamented death, has quite revolutionized this department of astronomy; and instead of using so much of Young's material, we think Mr. Abbot would have done better to write a wholly new book *ab initio*. However, his book is far from deficient in excellencies; and acknowledged master as he is in his own line, he has no reason to fear stating with the utmost fairness all hypotheses, whether his own or another's.

Mr. Abbot keeps constantly in mind the utilitarian methods of Langley, his great predecessor, in prosecuting lines of inquiry that have, or may be expected to have, practical bearing on matters mundane. Is the solar radiation uniform or variable? What losses does it suffer in the earth's atmosphere? Are there changes of transparency in the sun's outer layers sufficient to alter appreciably the earth's supply of radiation? How much solar radiation does the earth reflect unused to space? How does the earth's temperature depend on solar radiation and on the transparency of the air? If there should be variations of solar radiation, how great changes of temperature of different stations on the surface of the earth ought to follow, and how long would such responses be delayed? In short, are solar studies applicable to weather prediction? What methods, if any, can be economically used to store and employ the sun's energy for power or heating? What influences do changes in the intensity or color of the light falling on different plants produce on their growth and fruitage? May advantageous variations of plants be promoted by the control of their radiation supply? What can be done with solar rays for the promotion of health? What, after all, is the sun, and how can we best explain the principal solar phenomena? The author perceives, as every keen student of solar physics must, the present impossibility of answering satisfactorily all these lines of inquiry; but his book is an excellent exposition of what is known and what is surmised about things solar. His reply to the last of these questions, while not settling it in every one's mind, is nevertheless by far the best English statement of modern scientific views concerning the sun's constitution. Preferring as a basis Secchi's theory as formulated a third of a century ago, Abbot presents Young's well-known and oft-quoted views, followed by the later modifications of Halm and Schmidt and Julius, accepting also as sufficient the Helmholtzian hypothesis of maintenance of solar heat by simple contraction, and very judiciously regarding the evidence as to radio-active processes as undetermined and inconclusive. Much is made of the recent eclipse observations of Mitchell, and the Mount Wilson discoveries of a magnetic field in sunspots are emphasized. The important influence of our own atmosphere on the heat received from the sun; fluctuations of solar radiation, a subject in which Mr. Abbot is *facile princeps;* solar influence on plant life; and the sun as merely the nearest one of the stars, in connection with the broad question of stellar evolution, are among the topics adequately treated.

Save a few trite adaptations from Young, the illustrations are excellently chosen, and the photographic reproductions serve to bring out the points intended with all requisite lucidity. One of the best chapters deals with the utilization of solar energy; yet years upon years of sedulous research of the acutest minds, from Nasmyth to Vogel, leave the practical solution of this greatest of problems apparently as remote as ever; and, after all, one is tempted to agree with the author that it is rather in the investigation of its curious features that research on the sun has progressed the furthest. Another decade may perhaps change all this.

"Butterfly and Moth Book," by Ellen Robertson-Miller, is in Scribner's spring list.

From England comes the report of the death of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, who will be remembered for her strong stand in behalf of the medical education of women. After studying medicine under Dr. Lucy Sewall in Boston, Mass., in 1866, she matriculated in the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh, and when refused a degree she brought action against the University. She was granted the M.D. by the University of Berne in 1877. She founded a school of medicine for women in London and one in Edinburgh. Her writings include: "American Schools and Colleges," "Medical Women," and "Care of Infants."

Drama

Maurice Maeterlinck. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Moses's "Study" deals briefly with the "Man" and the "Poet," handles the dramatic fully and systematically, and dismisses the "Philosopher" with a brief and cautious epitome. The book is unindexed, but contains useful bibliographies.

Respect for Mr. Moses's admirable diligence in research must not prevent us from speaking plainly on the point of his qualifications for the part of critic. The question is not so much one of truth or error (Mr. Moses, like other men of wide reading and much docility, is often right), as of a vagueness and looseness of apprehension which makes his error harmless and his truth ineffectual. There are formulæ in his book which, taken alone, might denote thought, but which are commonly followed by something so irrelevant or so contradictory as to belie the supposition that the first thought has been actually grasped. In criticism Mr. Moses can hardly view an idea in emphatic detachment or in significant relation. Ideas are for him things not to be used, but to be invoiced; his explanations recall the answers in college examination papers based on the undigested notes of a half-understood lecture.

We confine ourselves to one illustration of this inconsequence and slipperiness of mind. The following passage is found on page 306:

> Maeterlinck's sweetness and light have never obscured his force; they have opened a way, as his dramas did in the theatre, for the unknown to become accessible to man's inward scrutiny. The sage exists only where the soul is aflame with the golden glow of truth, and this golden glow abides only at the heart of all virtue. For, as he says, "the more clear ideas we possess, the more do we learn to respect those that as yet are still vague."

The first sentence assures us that Maeterlinck possesses force, and, in support or illustration of that thesis, alleges that his work opens paths into the unseen. We are, then, told, apropos of nothing in the context, that wisdom is inseparable from fervor (surely, a most questionable dictum), and that fervor depends on virtue. These two propositions are expressly deduced from the apparently quite irrelevant affirmation that our respect for vague ideas grows

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with our acquisition of clear ones. The seeker for other examples is referred to pages 16-17.

The two following sentences (pages 196-197), which are consecutive, suggest one phase of the author's style: "Here he has a keen exemplification of quotidian happenings in the midst of eternal verities." "'La Mort de Tintagiles' is a typical picture of Maeterlinck's proneness to set the lyrical amidst black rivers of fright." The competence of the proof-revision may be illustrated by these examples: "Rautenderlein" (profanely suggestive of "raw tenderloin"), "school that *haled* Poe," "*sickled over* with the pale *caste* of thought" (the italics are ours).

Mr. Moses cannot provide matter for the thoughtful, because he does not think; he does not write clear English, and so has not produced a useful, popular handbook. If he would renounce his present ideals of thought and style, and confine himself to plain facts and plain English, he could do work that would entitle him to commendation.

"Sumurûn," the pantomimic play, which was one of the earliest successes of Max Reinhardt, and which took Berlin and then London by storm, has now reached New York, where it seems likely to repeat its earlier triumphs. Winthrop Ames is entitled to the credit of its importation, and has produced it, with the original company, music, and effects, in the Casino Theatre. If it is not, when regarded as a work of romantic imagination, altogether so wonderful as it was represented to be in certain rhapsodical preliminary notices, it is a real novelty of indisputable artistic and dramatic value. But its chief importance is as an object-lesson in the potency of skilled gesture and trained facial expression, and in the true meaning of stage management. As a play, it possesses no transcendent merit. In its outlines it is simply a lurid Oriental melodrama, made out of incidents largely borrowed from the "Arabian Nights," and not always so clear in action as—in the absence of words—it ought to be. A wretched hunchback, enamoured of a lovely dancer, who despises him, sells her to a fierce old Sheik, in order to separate her from the Sheik's son, who also is pursuing her. The hunchback then swallows poison. Meanwhile the Sheik's favorite, Sumurûn, favors the young cloth-merchant, Nur-al-Din, and contrives to smuggle him into the harem while her master is amusing himself with the dancer in an upper room. Presently the old Sheik, awakening from sleep, discovers his son, who has followed secretly, and promptly cuts his throat. The dying youth uses his last breath to tell of the treachery below, and the old Sheik, with gigantic strength, lowering him with one hand down the spiral staircase, while holding a scimitar in the other, descends to wreak vengeance on the lover of Sumurûn. He has Nur-al-Din at his mercy, when the resuscitated hunchback—whose supposed corpse has been subjected to all kinds of grotesquely horrible vicissitudes—plunges a dagger into his back, and so brings happiness to the lovers.

All this, of course, is melodrama of common quality, but in representation it becomes fanciful, animated, grotesque, and thrilling romance. The story is told with a smoothness, rapidity, and wealth of illuminative gesture and expression, that never permit the interest of the spectator to flag, and keep his attention so fully occupied that he has no time for that sober reflection which is most fatal to illusion. And the characterization, owing to the vividness and appropriateness of the gesture and to the illuminative play of facial expression, is not only vital, but in one or two instances extraordinarily vital. The performance, in short, is particularly strong in those very respects in which most representations by the modern school of actors are apt to be weak. It is remarkable also for the incessant life of the scene, the sustained coöperation of all the players, the artistic simplicity, fitness, and decorative quality of the scenery, and the striking effects created without any sense of costly spectacular effort. The power of enlightened stage management is exemplified in the most convincing way, and it is in this fact, and in the general excellence of the acting, not at all in the dramatic quality of the piece itself, that the true significance of the exhibition is to be found. Several of the individual performances are exceedingly good. Preëminent among them is that of the dancer—whose evil charm is the cause of the final catastrophe—by Leopoldine Konstantin. A more eloquent embodiment of feminine guile, wayward passion, and imperious temper could not easily be imagined. Paul Conradi's Sheik is a most imposing and menacing figure, and Emil Lind, as the hunchback, contributes a notable study of jealous despair and rage. All the other actors are capable. A word of special recognition is due also to the incidental music of Victor Hollaender, which is thoroughly Oriental in character, and harmonized most effectively with the action of the scene. There are few living stage managers who could not profit by the lessons to be learned from this artistic production.

Charles Frohman has purchased the English-speaking rights of "Primrose," the latest comedy of Messrs. de Caillavet and de Flers, which has had a prolonged success at the Comédie Française. There is a possibility that the piece may be seen in New York this season. He has also accepted the scenario of a new play which Henry Bernstein will write for Ethel Barrymore. The heroine is the wife of an English diplomat who is compromised by the discovery of important French military documents which have been stolen by attachés of the British embassy.

According to London report, Sir A. W. Pinero's new comedy, "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" is a sort of companion picture to "Trelawney of the Wells." The latter was a study of Bohemian and theatrical life in the early Victorian days and the new piece is said to be a similar study, dealing with present-day conditions and composed of course in the author's lighter vein.

Sir Herbert Tree recently visited Paris to see the representation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Odéon. He is thinking of playing M. Jourdain himself in an English adaptation to be made by Somerset Maugham.

Edmund Day, actor and playwright, died in New York on Monday, at the age of forty-five. He had played with Booth and Barrett and with Alexander Salvini. Besides certain "playlets," he wrote "The Round-Up," "The Sheriff," and "The Widow's Might."

Music

G. Schirmer has just published the vocal score of Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The latest novelty given at the Metropolitan is the merry one-act comedy by Leo Blech, "Under Seal." Probably never was an opera staged so inexpensively. The whole opera takes place in the sitting-room of the young widow, Gertrude, who has matrimonial designs on the Burgomaster, and the scene is a typically German one, comfortable but formal, with stiff furniture, the inevitable tiled stove, and a decorative scheme of family silhouettes hung in a group. However, the setting, except a carved wardrobe, counts for little in this amusing little opera, and the story also is simple, but, taken as a whole, with some charming musical bits, it whiles away an hour most agreeably.

There are two love stories in the plot, that of the Burgomaster and the pretty widow, and that of the Burgomaster's daughter and the son of his worst enemy. The young man's mother is living; she is the victim of debt and, consequently, of the official attention of Lampe, the Court messenger, who is determined to sell out all her belongings. She clings to a family heirloom, a fine carved wardrobe, which the widow Gertrude agrees to keep as her own, to save it from Lampe. This wardrobe is the scene of much fun. When Lampe has sealed it, after making sure that it does not belong to Frau Gertrude, the law forbids its being opened, but the law is not obeyed, with the result of many droll incidents. Goritz, who acts the part of Lampe, is the centre of interest. A more amusing picture of an important German official could not well be imagined, and he is ably assisted in his fun-making by Mme. Gadski, Mme. Mattfeld, Miss Alten, Jadlowker, and Weil. The most charming musical bit of the whole opera is the lively duet of courtship between the Burgomaster and the widow. The quartet of the lovers and the two widows is an admirable bit of workmanship, and, like many other episodes in the opera, it shows Blech to have thorough command of the technique of composition. He has written five other operas—"Cherubina," "Alaja," "Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind," "Aschenbrödel," and "Das War Ich." At present he is one of the conductors of the Royal Opera in Berlin, where he shares the work with Dr. Muck and Richard Strauss.

Josef Stransky was the first to conduct the opera "Versiegelt" anywhere. When he conducted it for the first time in Hamburg it was after weeks of rehearsal, for, as he says, it "must go as if fired out of a gun." The details may be difficult, but the final result is delightful.

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The first performance of the Chicago Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House will be given Tuesday evening, February 13. It will be "Carmen," with Mary Garden in the title rôle. Success has attended Mr. Dippel's performances; in Chicago it was found necessary to give two extra performances a week. On Tuesday night of last week in Chicago, Wolf-Ferrari's latest work, "I Giojelli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna") had its American première and achieved a triumph. The distinguished composer was present, and Carolina White, Amadeo Bassi, and Mario Sammarco, together with Cleofonte Campanini, who conducted, received ovations. The company will open its Eastern engagement in Philadelphia, Monday evening, February 12.

Richard Strauss's latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," has already had more than fifty performances in Dresden. Humperdinck's "Königskinder," though a year old, has not yet been heard there, but is now in preparation. The season is to wind up with a Strauss week.

Felix Weingartner has completed a violin concerto which Fritz Kreisler will be the first to play, as he was the first to play the Elgar concerto. Weingartner is also said to be at work on a new one-act opera and on making a new version of Weber's "Oberon."

The death is reported from Vienna of Hermann Winkelmann, the operatic tenor, at the age of sixty-six. After his great success as *Siegfried*, Wagner assigned to him the title rôle in "Parsifal" at the Baireuth festival in 1880, and he soon became noted in this part.

Art

The Art of the Romans. By H. B. Walters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Into a subject which has lately been the occasion of much erudite mystification, Mr. Walters introduces a refreshing element of common sense. We have been told to see an original invention in the custom of continuous narration—an inevitable expedient whenever there is much to tell on any long field which it is not convenient to subdivide. In the incapacity of the Roman sculptors to think out a clear and workmanlike relief we have been invited to find the germ of a new illusionism. In the ineptitude of Constantinian sculpture we have been assured there lies a new æsthetic of atmospheric envelopment. All these theories Mr. Walters faithfully records without accepting. A former historian of Greek art, his attitude towards Roman art is rather cold. This makes his book less interesting reading than, say, Mrs. Strong's "Roman Sculpture," but this coldness will be shared, we think, by all who approach the subject from the point of view of artistic quality.

It is customary to reserve Roman architecture and portraiture from such strictures. Even here it seems to us that Mr. Walters's tenderness is not quite justified. He fails to note the constant disproportion between material and design which makes Roman architecture nearly always unduly heavy. In portraiture Mr. Walters exaggerates the typical character of Greek portrait art. From the Egyptian painted heads, which are in a true Hellenistic tradition, we must assume that the earlier Greeks excelled the Romans here as elsewhere. Among the Roman busts, astonishingly real as they are, not half a dozen can bear comparison with fine Renaissance portrait heads. In short, the art of the Romans is that of a people which, with abundant ambition and unlimited wealth, fundamentally had no taste. Their case is not so unlike our own here in America, and our hope lies in a broader and more intelligent eclecticism than was theirs.

Mr. Walters might well have dwelt more appreciatively upon the beauty of Augustan naturalistic ornament. Here Mrs. Strong is a more sympathetic guide. The question remains open whether this lovely development, so fruitful centuries later in the Italian Renaissance, is, after all, not merely the afterglow of Alexandrianism. The subject is worthy of more investigation than it has received. The present book covers the field, including the minor arts, with especial chapters on Roman art in Gaul and Britain. For the sake of completeness some attention might have been given to Roman art in Africa and the Levant. In the latter region, however, our author accepts Strzygowski's theory of an unbroken Hellenic development. And, indeed, on the basis of our present knowledge, Athens and Cyrene may be regarded as the Eastern outposts of specifically Roman art.

Though there is plenty of special literature in the Roman field, comprehensive manuals are few and inadequate. So Mr. Walters's judicious survey, with its many illustrations, should appeal strongly both to the student and to the general reader.

Walter Crane's collected addresses in "William Morris to Whistler" (Macmillan) preaches the dignity of applied art and criticises the capitalistic régime as hopelessly inimical to the best interests of art. Mr. Crane's attitude towards the arts and crafts movement in England and America, however, is hopeful, and he is inclined to make the best of a crooked world as it is. The book, which is prettily decorated with the author's vignettes, cannot be called a weighty one.

"Illuminated Manuscripts" (Putnam), by J. A. Herbert, is a worthy addition to the Connoisseurs' Library. It covers the European field with scholarly accuracy and clearness, is amply provided with illustrations, and, except in a too succinct treatment of French illumination after the thirteenth century, offers little ground for adverse criticism. In connection with the Hours of Turin, the plausible attribution of some of the miniatures to the Van Eycks should have been noticed. In fact, the possible relation of Gothic illumination to lost mural painting deserved a word of discussion, and the growing richness of American public and private collections might have been recognized. But the book is primarily intended for the English reader and corresponds pretty closely to his opportunities and limitations. Being especially strong on the English side and on the early periods generally, it nicely supplements the current manuals.

At the December meeting of the British School in Athens Mr. Wace gave an interesting account of some important discoveries made by Mr. Thompson and himself in connection with the Macedonian Exploration Fund. The districts explored were Orestis and Elemiotis, with the part of Perrhæbia which is still Turkish territory. Near Elassona two prehistoric sites were noted, resembling the Thessalian sites, from one of which vases of the so-called Late Minoan II style are said to have been found. Another prehistoric site was discovered on the banks of the Haliakmon, near Serfije, and in the same district a cemetery belonging to the early iron age. In Orestis were found three Greek sites of the classical period, the names of which are unknown. In Northern Perrhæbia the explorers came upon a long Latin inscription of Trajan, dated 101 A. D., of great topographical and historical importance. The results show what a fruitful yield Macedonia will be for excavators of prehistoric, classical Greek or of Roman sites.

Excavations at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, are continued with much energy. The principal street of the town has now been laid bare for a length of nearly 500 yards. Its width is as much as eight yards, and it is flanked with porticoes and paved throughout, so that the effect is quite imposing. Not far from the gate by which it left the town was found a splendid female winged figure, a combination of the types of Athena and of Victory, which we may suppose decorated the gate itself. An extensive cemetery situated outside the city walls has been partly explored. In the sand beneath the tombs cremation burials of the third century B. C. have been found. Many of the public buildings of the town have been completely cleared and the intervening spaces explored, so that the most important quarter of the city now forms a connected whole. The baths which had been excavated in 1888 have been further examined, and their beautiful mosaic pavements with marine scenes in black on a white ground have been brought to light. Under the palæstra adjoining these baths a large reservoir has been discovered. Moreover the barracks of the *vigiles* have been completely excavated, as well as the quarter behind the theatre, where remains of a Christian church were found, which was probably erected in honor of Quiriacus, the first bishop of Ostia (268-270 A. D.), but at least three centuries after his death. The foundation of the city of Ostia, which is now under exploration, is to be connected with the Ostian questorship in 266 B. C., since no trace of anything earlier has been discovered on the site.

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Finance

WHEN NEW YORK LENDS TO EUROPE.

Resumption of gold exports from New York last week, with $2,500,000 in all shipped to Central and South America, was correctly explained as meaning that Europe, which had obligations to settle in those markets, was drawing on New York's gold for the purpose. The same thing happened at this time in 1910, but with this difference—that whereas Europe was then our heavy creditor on balance, and was ordering the southward gold shipments as partial discharge of the debt, we ourselves are now the creditor market, so that Europe virtually has to increase its American indebtedness to command the gold.

Simultaneously with these shipments came news of an impending $125,000,000 loan by the German Government. When that large operation was announced there was still outstanding, from the short loans made by New York to the Berlin banks last month, the sum of $50,000,000. It had been expected that these loans, which were near maturity, would be paid off this month. Instead, the Berlin banks, on learning of what the German Government expected from them, have not only asked for extension of their New York obligations for three months, but have considerably increased the indebtedness. This might fairly enough be described as the indirect financing of the German public loan by American capital.

The incident emphasizes again the contrast between the money plethora here and the European markets' lack; but it goes a little further. To match the existing status, one would have to go back a decade. Our foreign trade balance, at that time, had piled up exactly as it has lately been doing; home industry was halting; we were believed to have $250,000,000 loaned out on Europe's markets. When tight money seized upon Europe, after the Transvaal War and the blockade of the gold-fields had begun in October, 1899, we not only increased those loans, but entered the market for European public securities. Our bankers took $28,000,000 of the British Exchequer's war loan of August, 1900; $100,000,000 of the loan of May, 1901, and $80,000,000 of the loan of April, 1902. We loaned $20,000,000 in 1900 to the German Government, and bought the new bond issues of Continental cities. Wall Street of those enthusiastic days declared that New York had become, or would very soon become, the recognized money centre of the world.

Nobody makes that claim to-day. We have learned since 1900 that, in all such cases, America will soon have need again of whatever capital it may temporarily have placed on the European markets, and a very considerable slice of Europe's own capital besides. The question which remains is, how far the subsequent revival of American industry, on that earlier occasion, was a result of the great stores of capital accumulated at our market's order, and how far it was mere coincidence.

This brings up the general question of our real financial and industrial position. If an observant man were asked to describe the characteristics of the hour in financial and industrial markets, he would undoubtedly point out, first, disappointment that the sudden revival which was somehow to come in sight on the morning after New Year's Day had not materialized; secondly, that all the consuming community seems to be economizing; thirdly, that all the producing community has been putting its house in order; fourthly, that the American market, and every one connected with that market, has been paying off its debts; finally, that, as a result, an impressive credit balance has heaped up in our bank reserves, in our home money market, and on the foreign markets, subject to our draft. Supposing he were next to inquire in Wall Street exactly what this combination of circurstances meant, it would be exceptional if he did not presently run on the following answer, from entirely respectable authorities: The people have lost heart. Times are hard. Business is unprofitable. The Government is to blame. The Trust prosecutions have caused it all. A Presidential election is impending. Dark hours are ahead of us. The United States has seen its best days.

So much for the very probable comment, in the present mood of American finance, on the condition of financial and industrial slack-water which now surrounds us. If, however, some stray observer who had given careful attention to the ups and downs of American financial fortunes in the past were asked for his opinion, he might possibly answer somewhat differently. He might suggest, for instance, that completion of the liquidating process after a great economic crisis is necessary before good times come again, but that the process is painful.

This he might supplement by the remark that New Year's Day is not a landmark in finance; that underlying conditions on January 25 are apt to be much what they were on the 25th of December; that economy by the consuming community means reaccumulation of wealth; that the way for a man or a community to get on a sound economic basis after a period of over-extension is to pay off pressing debt, and not (as in 1909) to pile up more; that America's present position in the money markets of the world shows how far that salutary process has been carried; that the hour before dawn is an hour when it seems as if it would never be light again, and that the most familiar and most stupid trick of misguided human nature is to lay on the shoulders of Government the blame for our own extravagances and blunders. Perhaps an observer thus familiar with the past might conclude with a citation from eminent authority, to the effect that "the man who is a bear on the future of this country will go broke."

To any one, indeed, with the broader view of financial history, the whining and whimpering of the day (in highly respectable financial circles) seems just a bit pathetic. It is heard, let it be observed, in much the same quarters as informed us, in 1901 and 1905 and 1906, that nothing could possibly stop the progress of inflation in the American financial boom. Booms had collapsed before, but this would not. Overspeculation and overexploiting had in the past led directly to financial crisis and prolonged depression; but things were different now. Such achievements nowadays merely guaranteed the perpetual and successful continuance of the inflating process. Financial principles and economic law had been revised.

Perhaps the attitude of numerous financial oracles at the present moment is a logical corollary to their attitude of those years. It is true, such conditions of liquidated markets as to-day's used to be the infallible prelude, at a greater or less distance, to the new revival of finance and industry. They were undeniably so in the dark hours at the opening of 1879 and 1897. But doubtless economic law has been turned upside down, in the sequel to reactions as to booms. Whoever chooses to accept this cheerful theory is at liberty to do so. The only passing comment called for is, that the declaration, five or ten years ago, of the new economic order which would not admit of relapse, panic, liquidation, forced economy, or hard times, has not been so precisely verified by the sequel as to encourage belief in the abolition of precedent as applied to the state of affairs which now exists.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albe, E. E. Fournier d'. Contemporary Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Anstice, H. History of St. George's Church in the City of New York. Harper.

Barnard, A. B. Talks with Children About Themselves. Cassell. $1.25 net.

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Becker, Franz. Bryan Waller Proctor (Barry Cornwall). Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.

Broughton, Lord (John Cam Hobhouse). Recollections of a Long Life. Vol. V, 1834-40; Vol. VI, 1841-52. Scribner.

Byers, S. H. M. With Fire and Sword. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50 net.

Cambridge Under Queen Anne. Illustrated by Memoir of Ambrose Bonwicke and Diaries of Francis Burman and Z. C. von Uffenbach. Edited, with notes, by J. E. B. Mayor. London: Bell & Sons.

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Champlain Tercentenary, 1909. Report of the Commission. Albany: State Department.
Charles, C. J. Elizabethan Interiors. London: George Newnes.
Clark, H. P. Auction Bridge. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
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Evans, Donald. Discords. Philadelphia: Brown Bros.
Filson Club Publications. No. 26. The Kentucky Mountains: Transportation and Commerce, 1750 to 1911, by Mary Verhoeff. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Flagg, E. P. A Handbook of Home Economics. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents net.
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Fuqua, C. M. H. Two Dozen. Boston: Badger.
Gaya's Traité des Armes. 1678. Edited by Charles ffoulkes. Frowde.
Gillette, William. Secret Service. Done into book form by Cyrus T. Brady. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Gorer, E., and Blacker, J. F. Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones. London: Quaritch.
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Wedmore, F. Etchings. Putnam.
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